

SKYPILOT

FIGHTING MISSIONARY OF THE FAR NORTH!

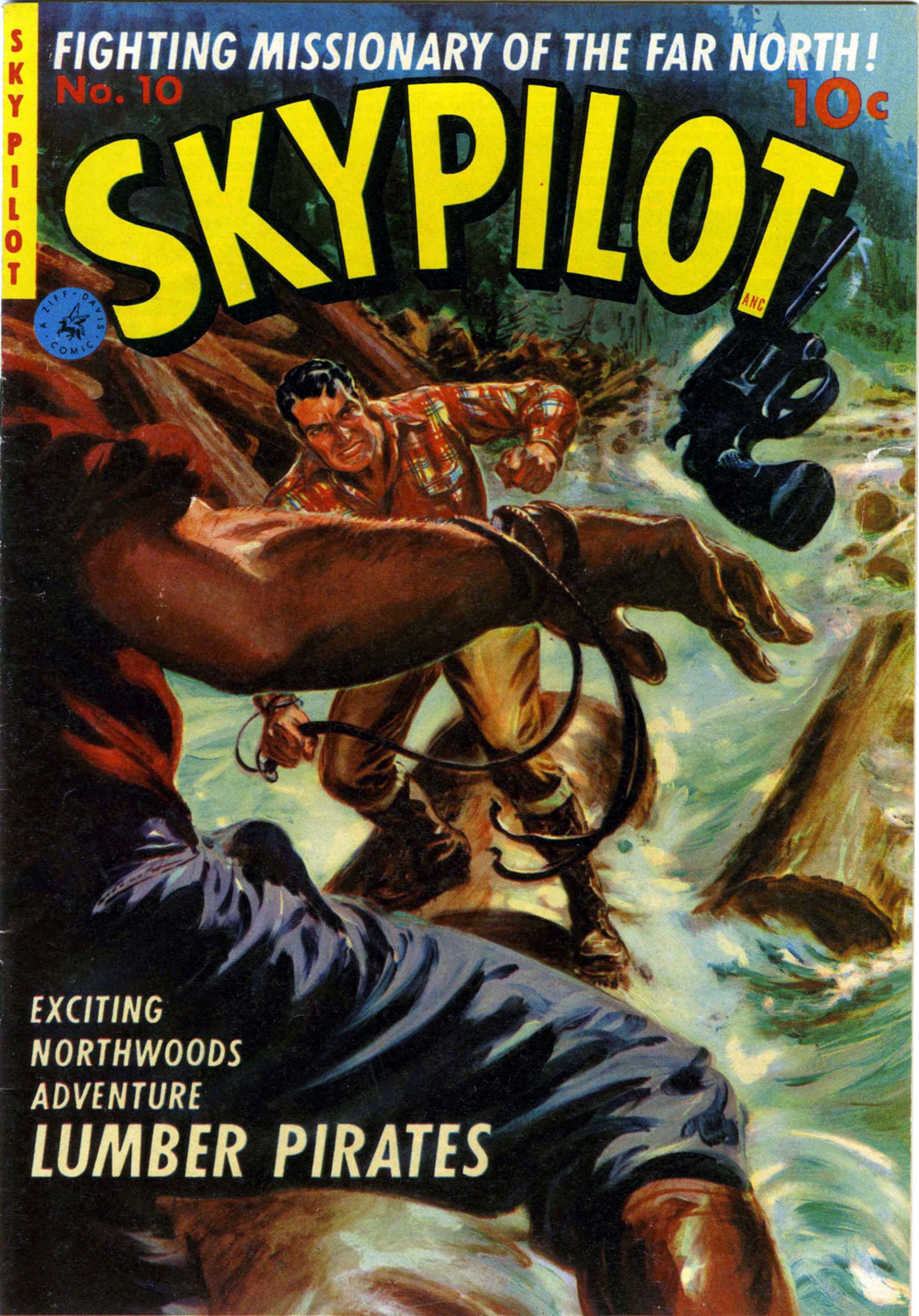
No. 10

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SKYPILOT



EXCITING
NORTHWOODS
ADVENTURE
LUMBER PIRATES





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ESKIMO LORE

ALL ALONG THE ARCTIC OCEAN IN THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT, THE ESKIMO REIGNS SUPREME! IN HIS IGLOO, CARVED FROM SOLID ICE, IN BLOCKS THAT ARE FITTED CAREFULLY TOGETHER, HE LIVES THROUGH THE FIERCEST WINTER STORMS!



HE IS MASTER OF ICY SEAS IN HIS KAYAK, THAT CANNOT SINK, BUT BOBBLES LIKE A CORK IN THE ROUGHEST WATER...



KAYAK TAKE ESKIMO FAR OUT INTO OCEAN... BRING HIM BACK SAFE TO SHORE!

ALTHOUGH 40,000 ESKIMOS INHABIT 40,000,000 SQUARE MILES (ONE ESKIMO FOR EVERY 400 MILES), THESE PEOPLE OF THE FROZEN NORTH HAVE MANY LEGENDS, ONE OF WHICH HAS TO DO WITH THE ANCIENT DAYS WHEN THE ESKIMO FOUGHT THE MAMMOTH!



THE CARIBOU FURNISHES THE ESKIMO WITH MEAT, ALTHOUGH ONE OF THEIR LAWS OF TABOO WILL NOT PERMIT THE CARIBOU SKIN TO BE WORKED ON ICE...



MODERN EXPLORERS HAVE FOUND PROOF OF THE OLD ESKIMO TALES OF 'LITTLE MEN'... POWERFUL DWARFS WHO LIVE CLOSE TO THE NORTH MAGNETIC POLE! TINY DWELLINGS BUILT TO THE SCALE OF THESE SHORT, POWERFUL FOLK HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED!



EATING FAT OR BLUBBER TO KEEP WARM DURING THE COLD WINTER MONTHS... USING STONE AND BONE IMPLEMENTS AS DID THEIR ANCESTORS... HUNTING SEALS AND WHALES IN THE ICY OCEAN... USING SLED DOGS FOR FAST TRAVEL OVER SNOWY PLAINS, THE ESKIMO IS TRULY, A CONQUEROR OF THE NORTH!

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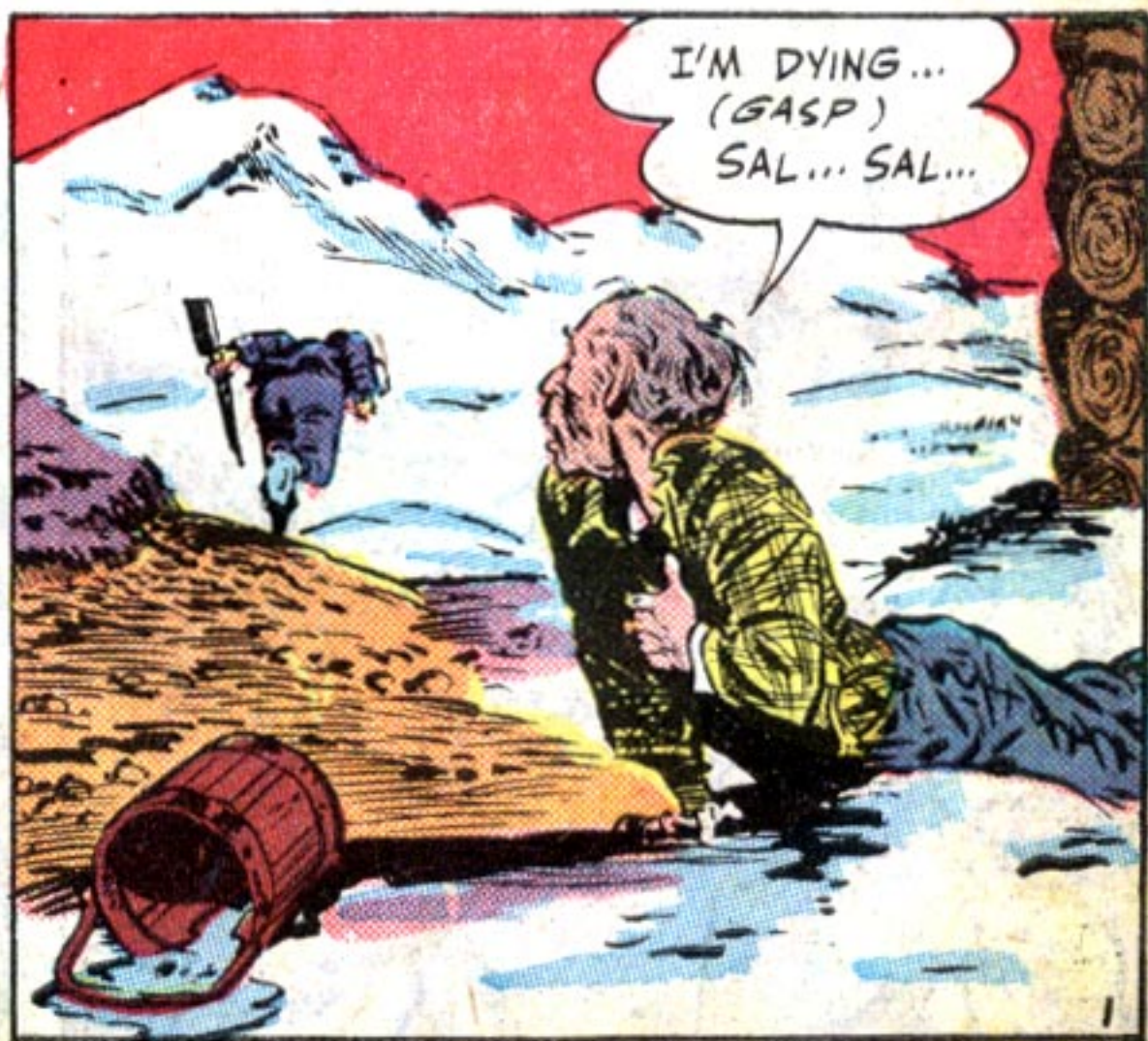
SKYPILOT, No. 10, published bi-monthly by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 185 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois. William B. Ziff, Chairman of the Board; B. G. Davis, President; Vice-Presidents—Michael H. Froelich, Director Eastern Division; H. J. Morganroth, Production Director; Lynn Phillips, Jr., Advertising Director; H. G. Strong, Circulation Director. A. T. Pullen, Secretary-Treasurer. Herman R. Bollin, Art Director. Executive and Editorial Office, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Jerry Siegel, Director Comics Division. Single copies, 10c. All communications about subscriptions should be addressed to the Circulation Department, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. The Publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art work. Manuscripts or art work accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

SKY PILOT



ON A LONELY, ROCKY, SNOW-PATCHED HILL-SIDE, NEAR THE ALASKAN-CANADIAN BORDER, A PROSPECTOR OPENS HIS CABIN DOOR AND...



AT THE SAME TIME THAT DEATH WAS CALLING AT THE LONELY CABIN, ANOTHER SCENE OF VIOLENCE WAS TAKING PLACE IN THE NEARBY SETTLEMENT OF "HARD LUCK".

NO! NO! PLEASE!
NALUK NO TAKE
YOUR TRAPS!

STOP!
LEAVE THAT MAN
ALONE!



SUCH VIOLENCE
IS FOR WILD BEASTS,
NOT MEN!

I SAID
CLEAR OUT!
HEY! LEMME
GO!

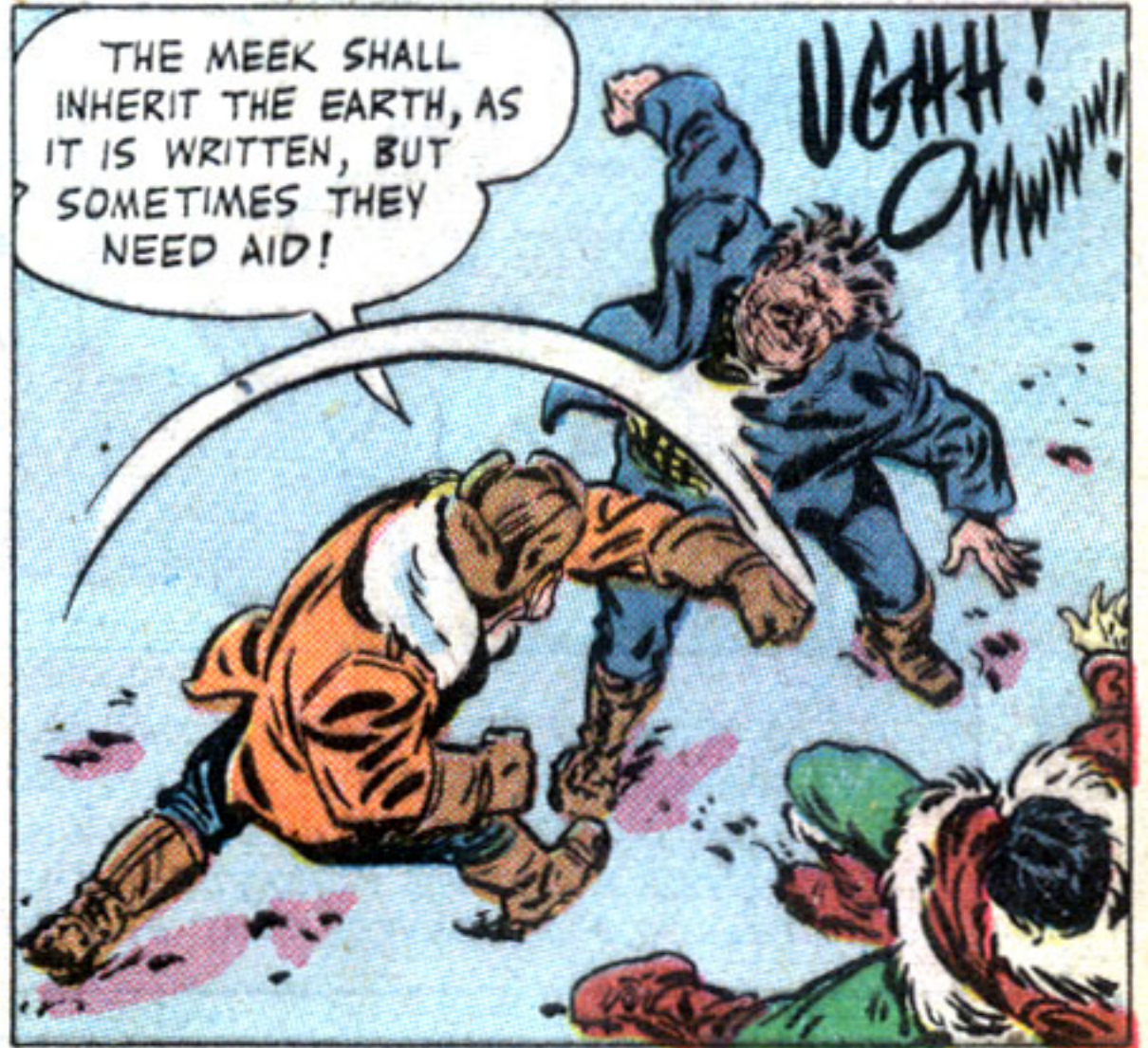


WHY ARE YOU
BEATING THIS
MAN? HE LOOKS
HARMLESS.

BECAUSE THE SNEAKING
THIEF RAIDED MY TRAP LINE,
THAT'S WHY! AND BESIDES,
IT'S NONE OF YOUR
BUSINESS ANYWAY...
CLEAR OUT!



THE MEEK SHALL
INHERIT THE EARTH, AS
IT IS WRITTEN, BUT
SOMETIMES THEY
NEED AID!

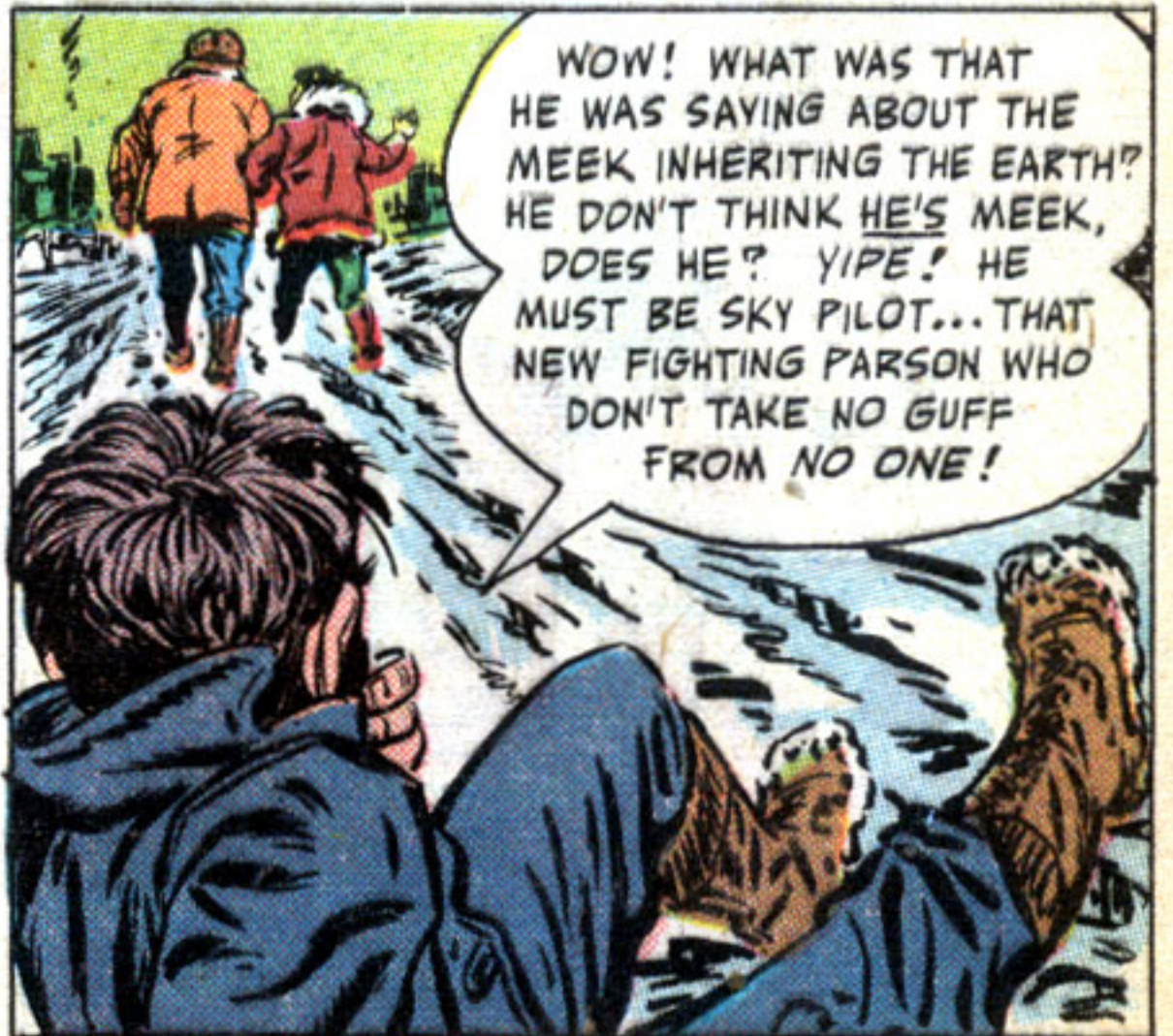


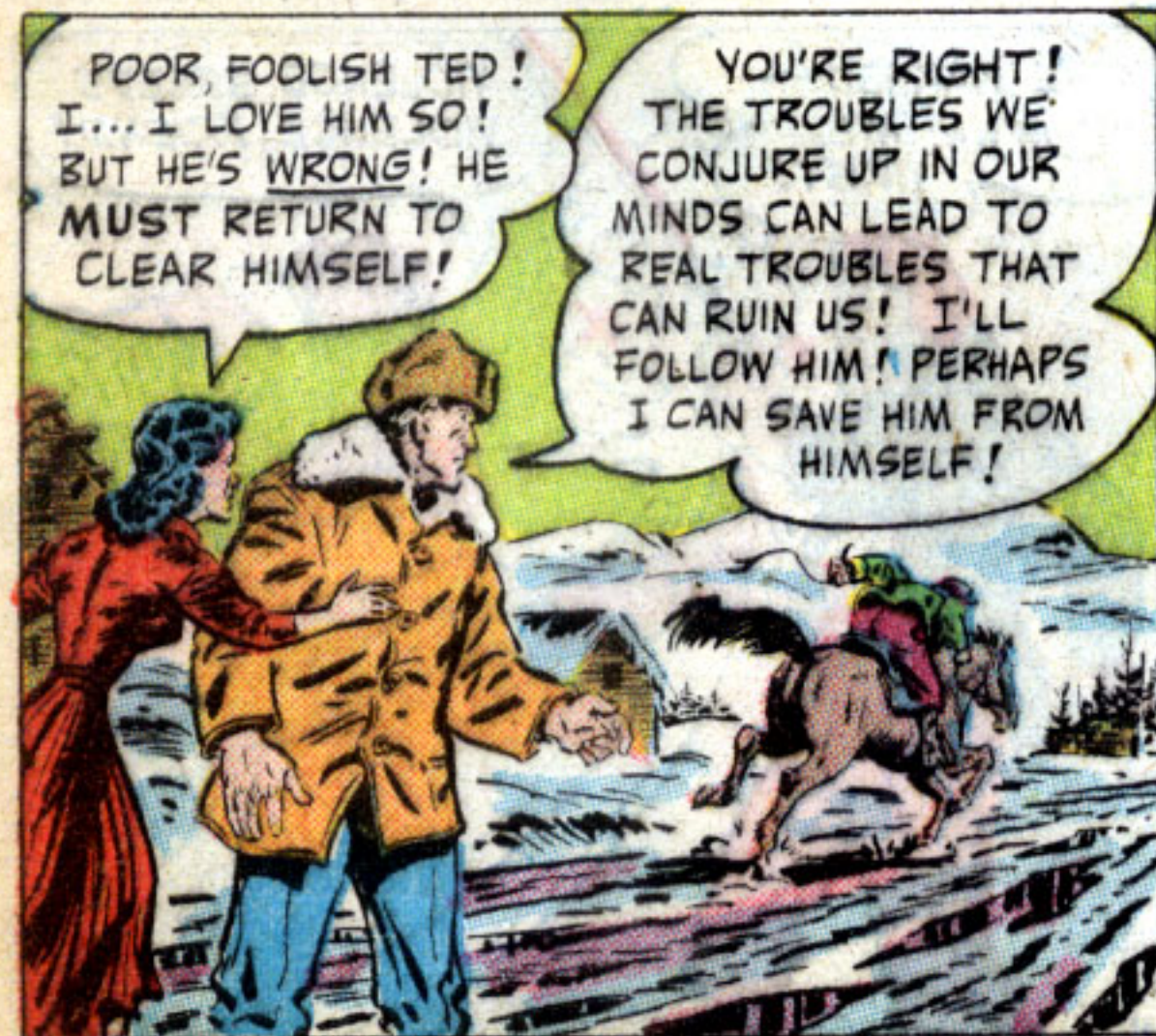
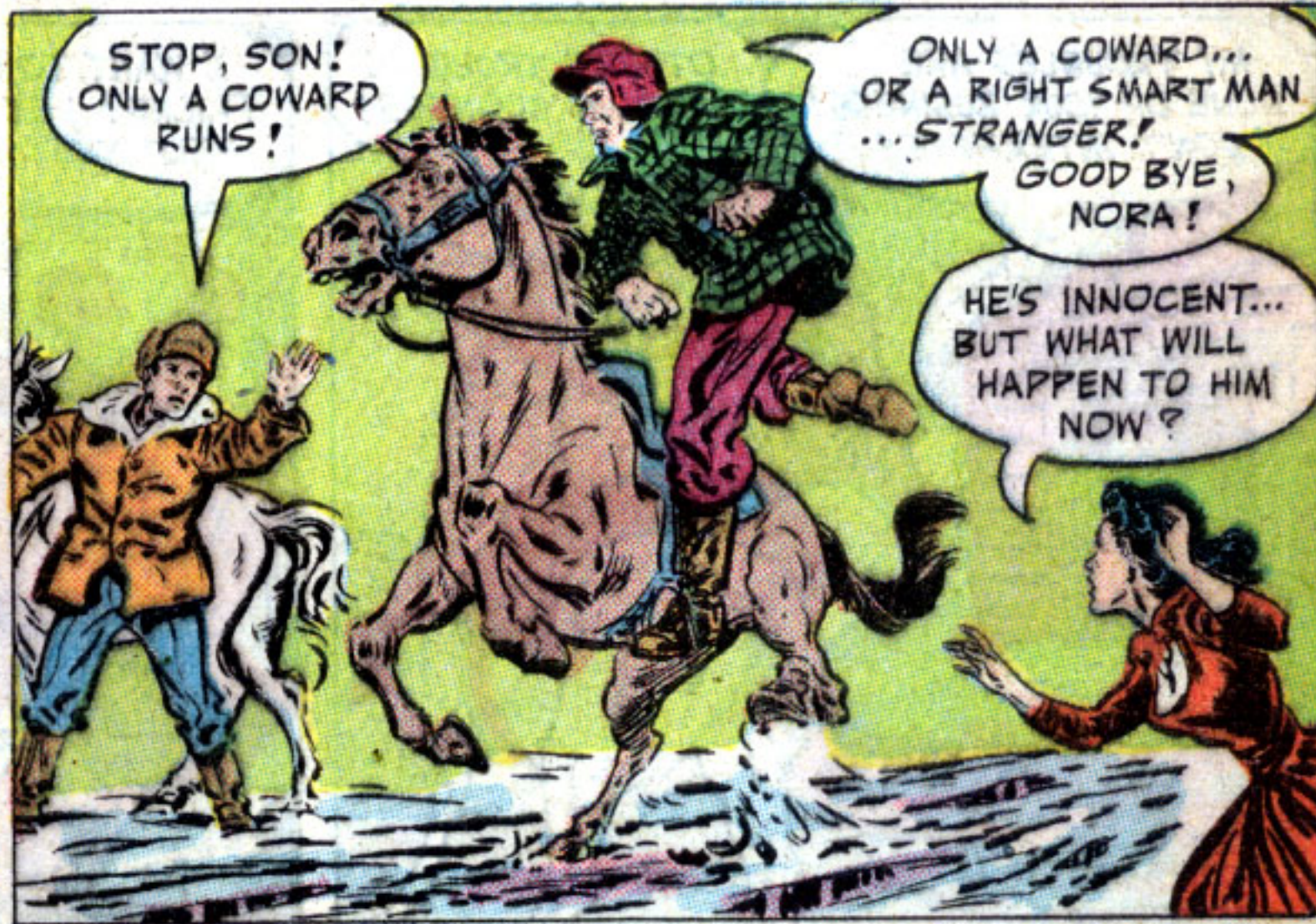
YOU GOOD MAN!
NALUK YOUR FRIEND
FOR LIFE! WHAT
YOUR NAME?

JOHN HAWKS!
I ASK ONLY ONE THING
OF ALL MEN, NALUK!
"DO UNTO OTHERS AS
YOU WOULD HAVE DONE
UNTO YOURSELF!"



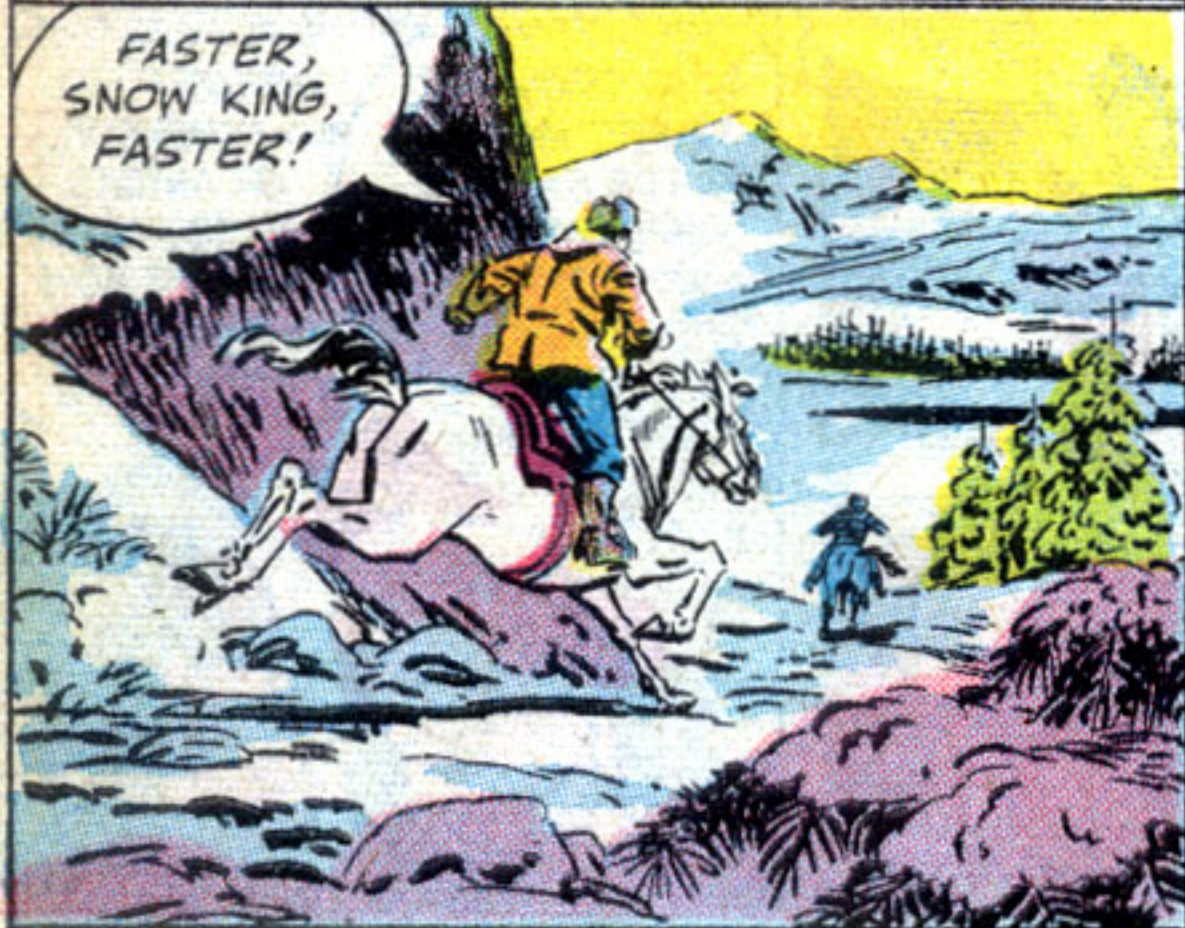
WOW! WHAT WAS THAT
HE WAS SAYING ABOUT THE
MEEK INHERITING THE EARTH?
HE DON'T THINK HE'S MEEK,
DOES HE? YIPE! HE
MUST BE SKY PILOT... THAT
NEW FIGHTING PARSON WHO
DON'T TAKE NO GUFF
FROM NO ONE!





SKY PILOT'S GREAT HORSE, SNOW KING, GAINS RAPIDLY ON TED BENEDICT, UNTIL, FINALLY...

FASTER,
SNOW KING,
FASTER!



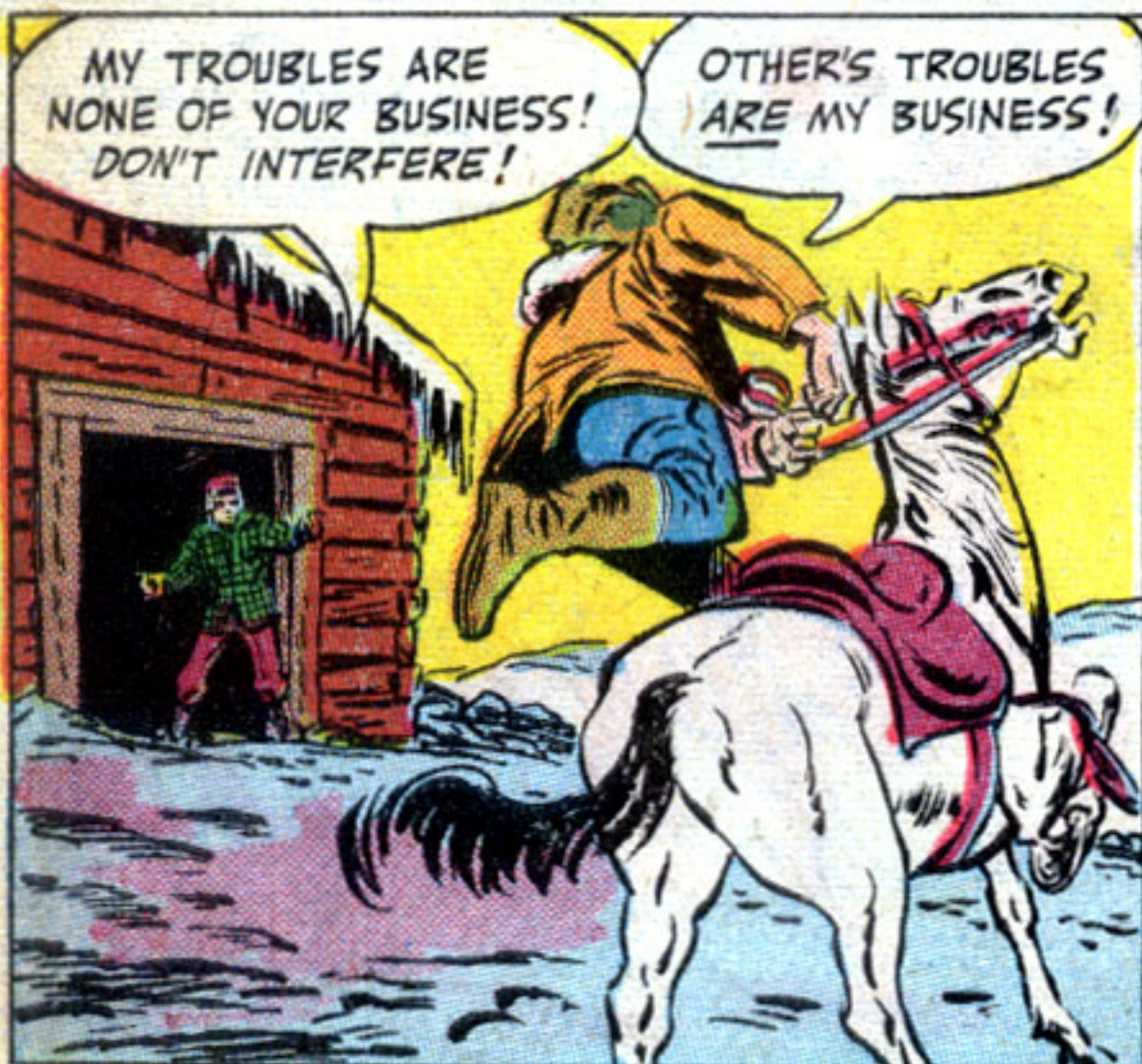
WAIT, TED!
LET ME TALK
TO YOU!
WAIT!

I'M WARNING YOU,
STRANGER... KEEP AWAY!
FORGET YOU'VE SEEN
ME!



MY TROUBLES ARE
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!
DON'T INTERFERE!

OTHER'S TROUBLES
ARE MY BUSINESS!



I WANT TO BE YOUR
FRIEND! LET ME
HELP YOU!

YOU'RE LYING! YOU
WANT TO TRAP ME!
THAT TIMBER MISSED
YOU... BUT A BULLET
WON'T!



IF YOU ARE INNOCENT,
GO BACK AND FACE THE
LAW! RUNNING AWAY WILL
ONLY MAKE PEOPLE SURE
YOU ARE GUILTY!

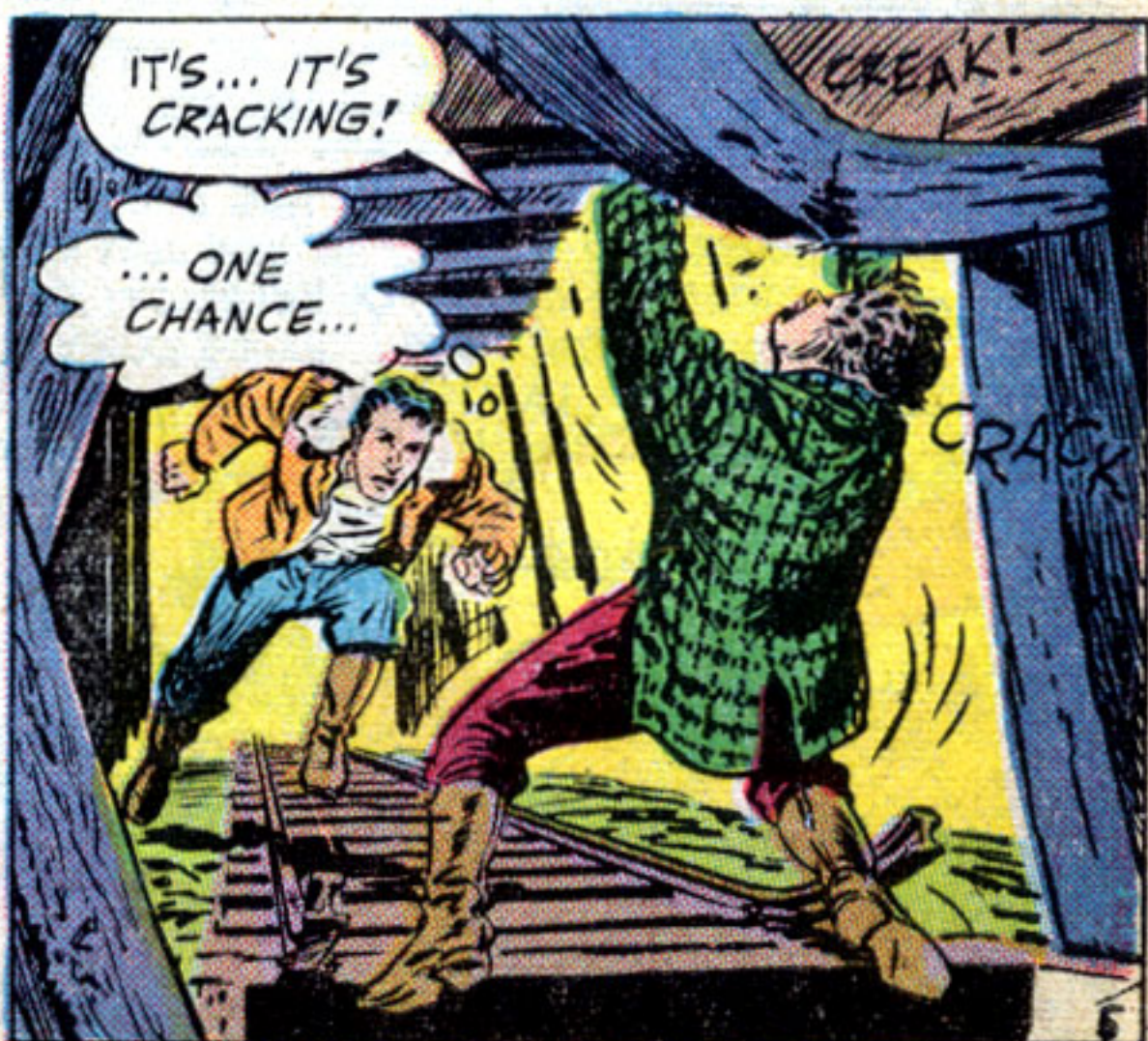
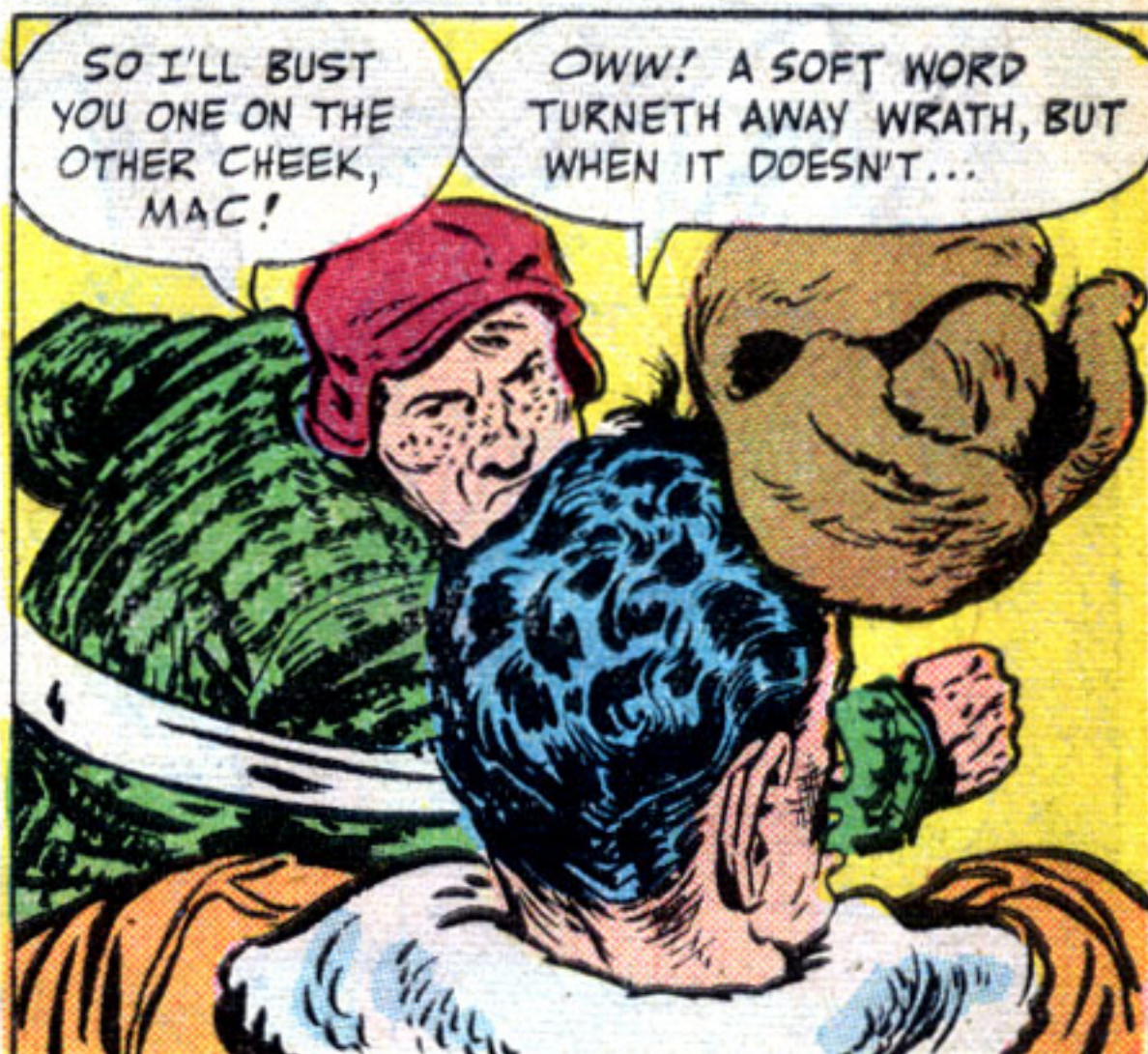
NO! I'M NOT GOING
BACK... AND IF YOU
DON'T GET OUT OF
HERE PRONTO
YOU'RE NOT GOING
BACK EITHER!

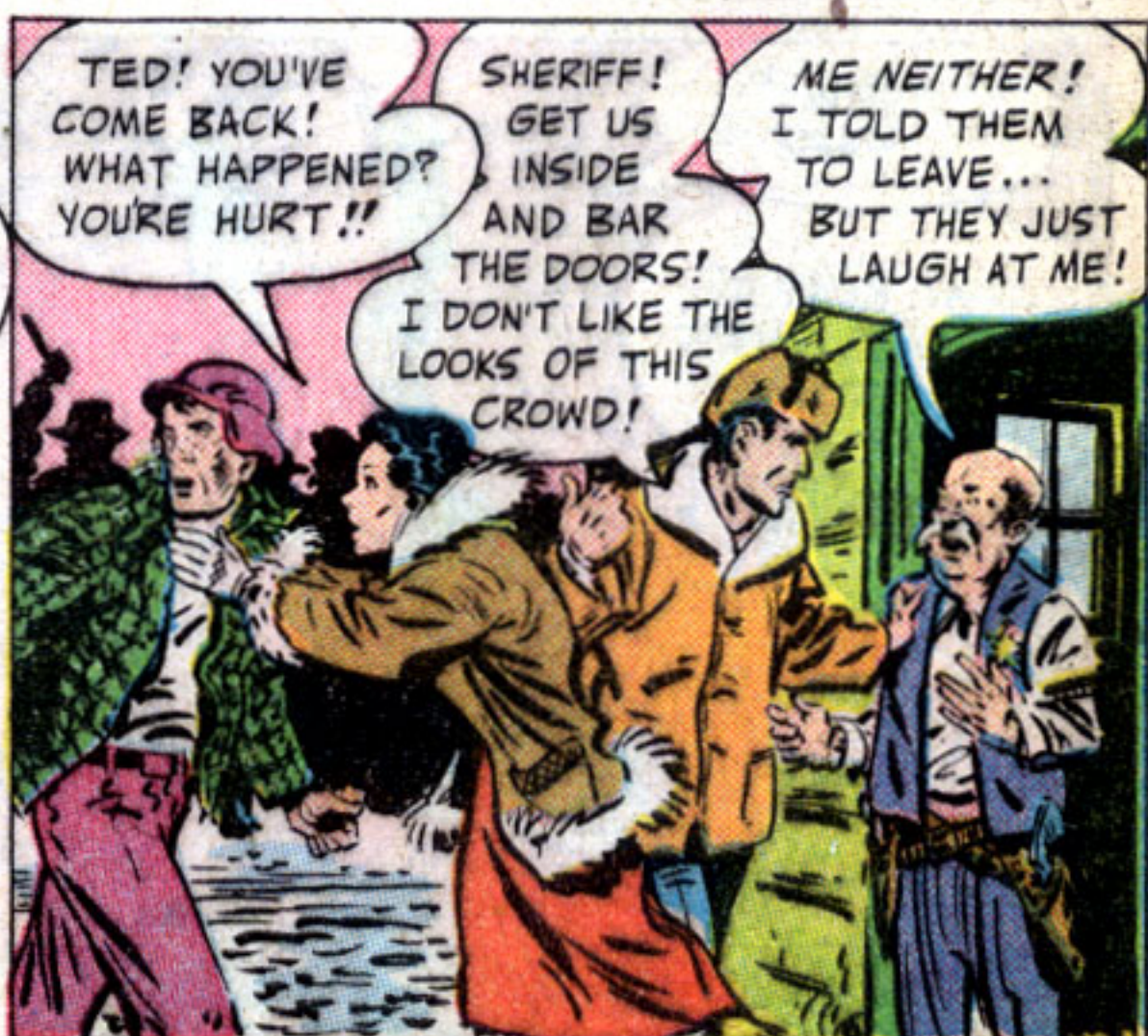
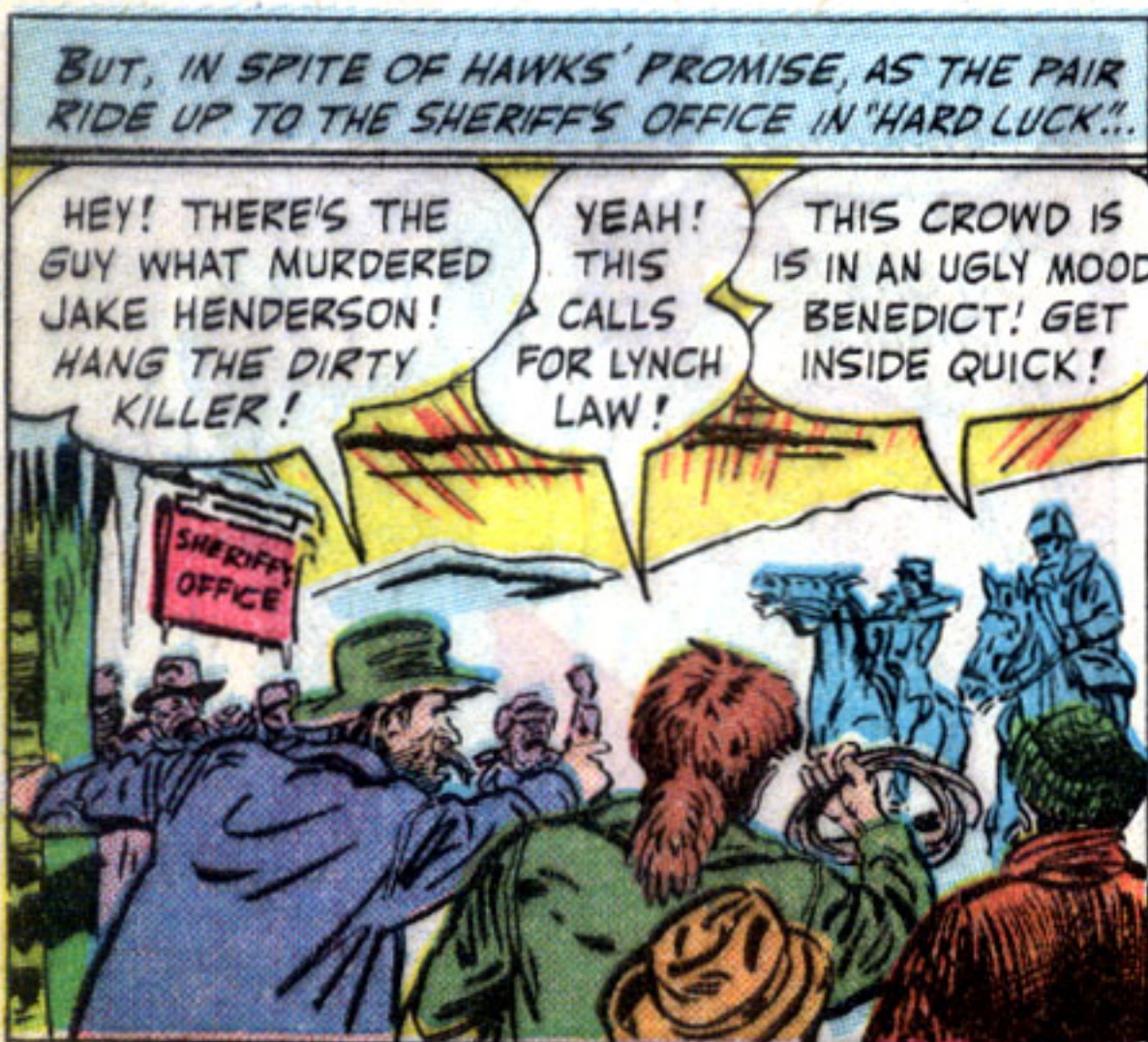
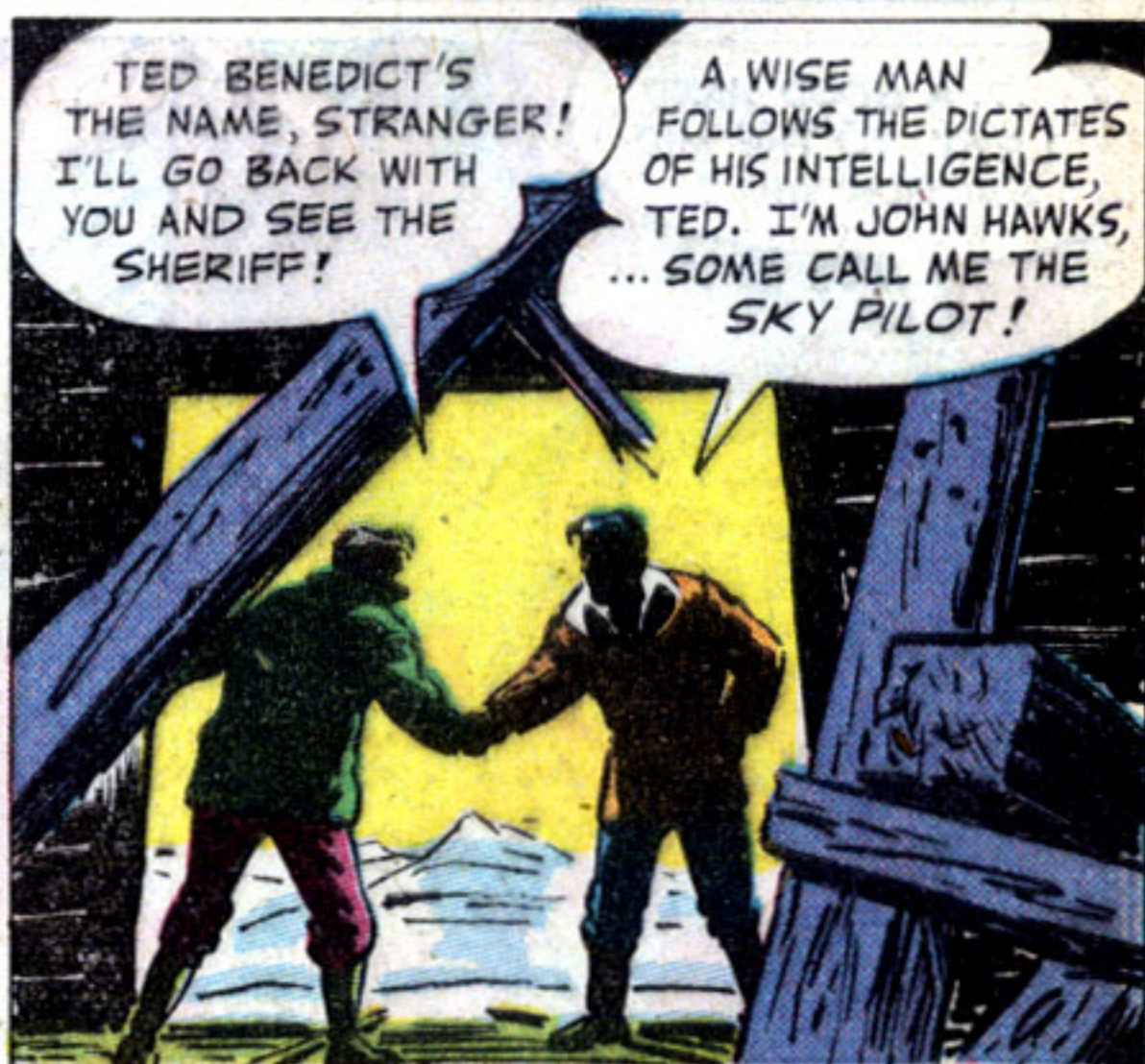
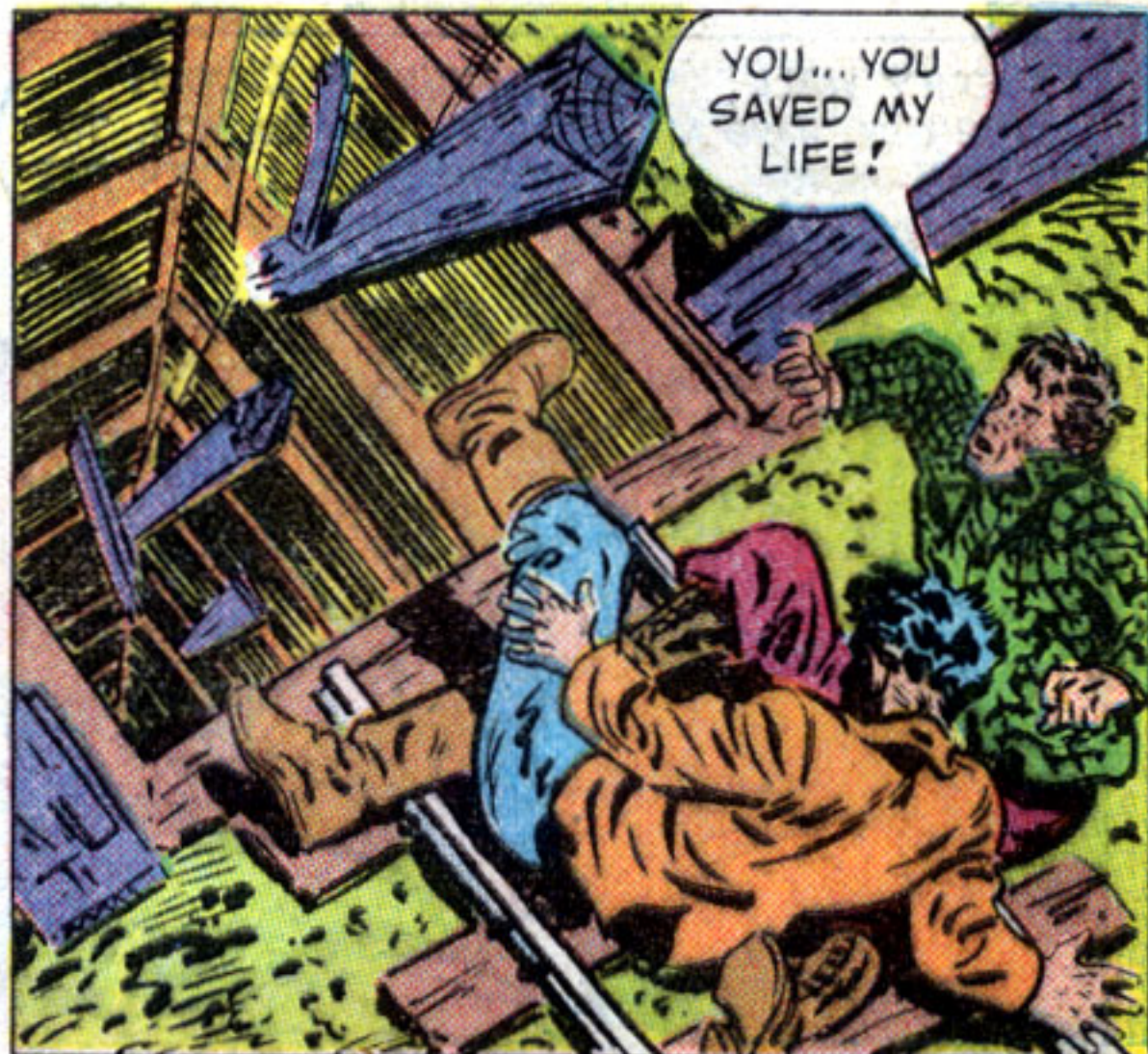
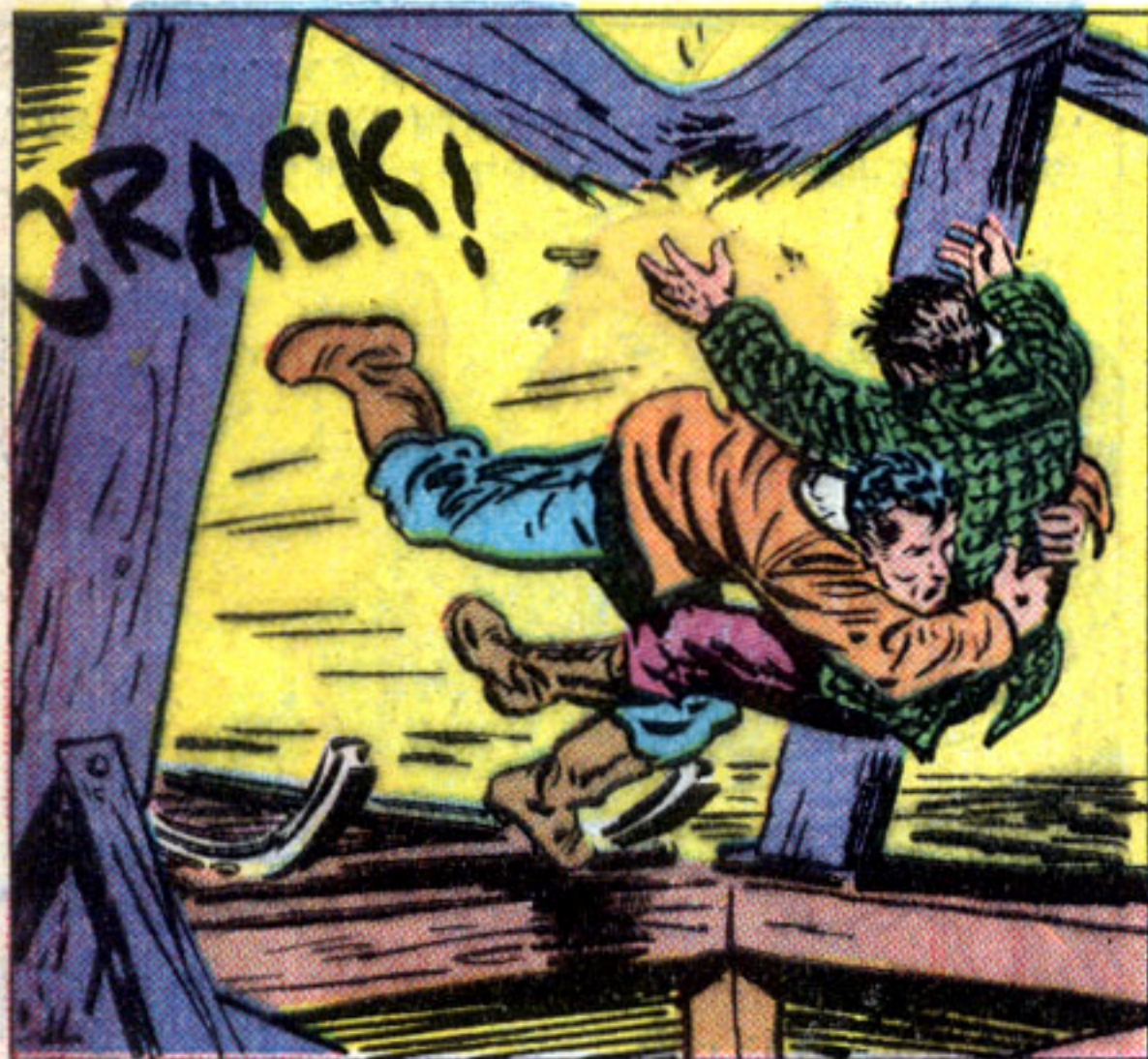


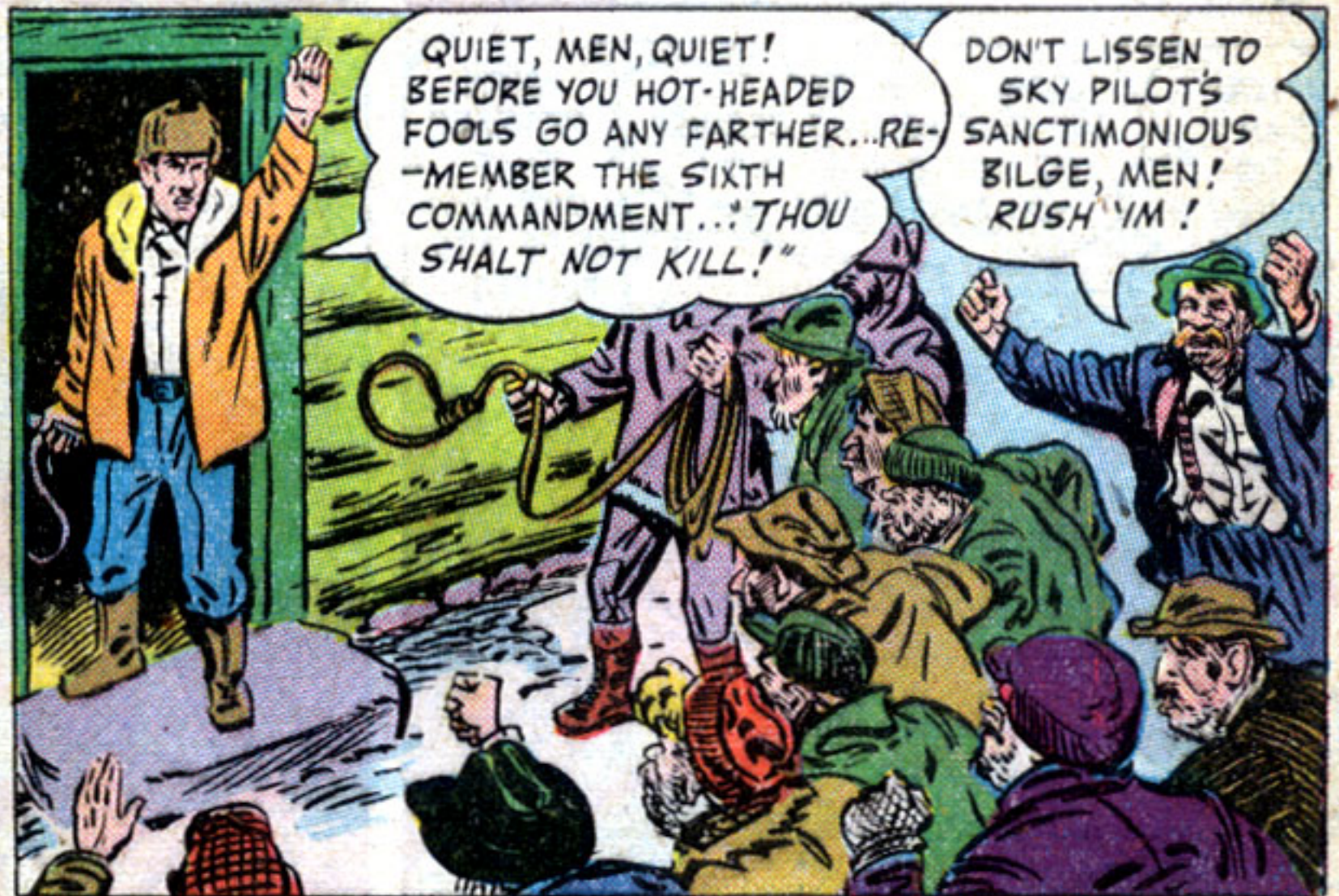
I WARNED---
OWWW! MY
WRIST!

VIOLENCE BREEDS
VIOLENCE, FRIEND!

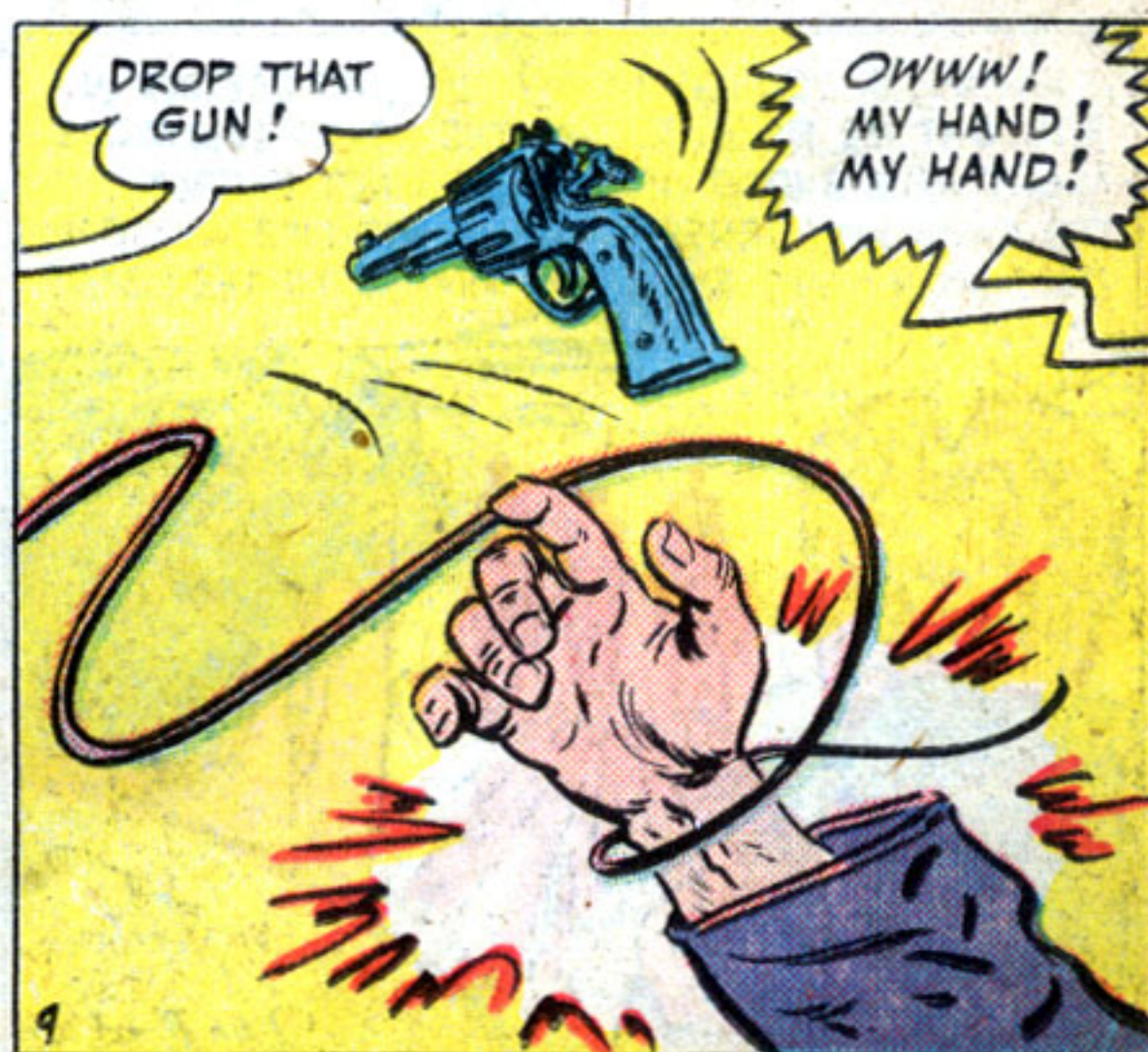
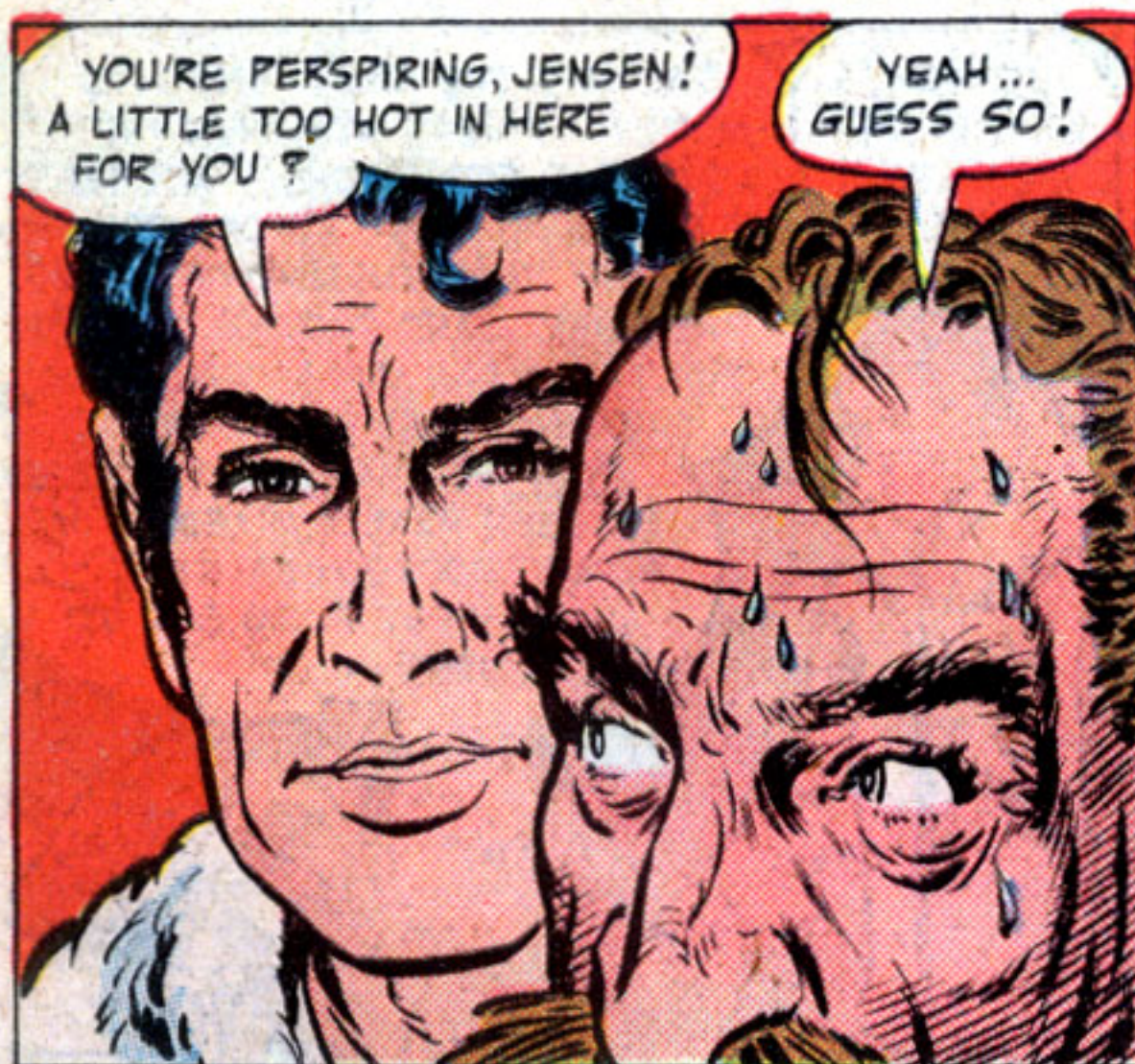


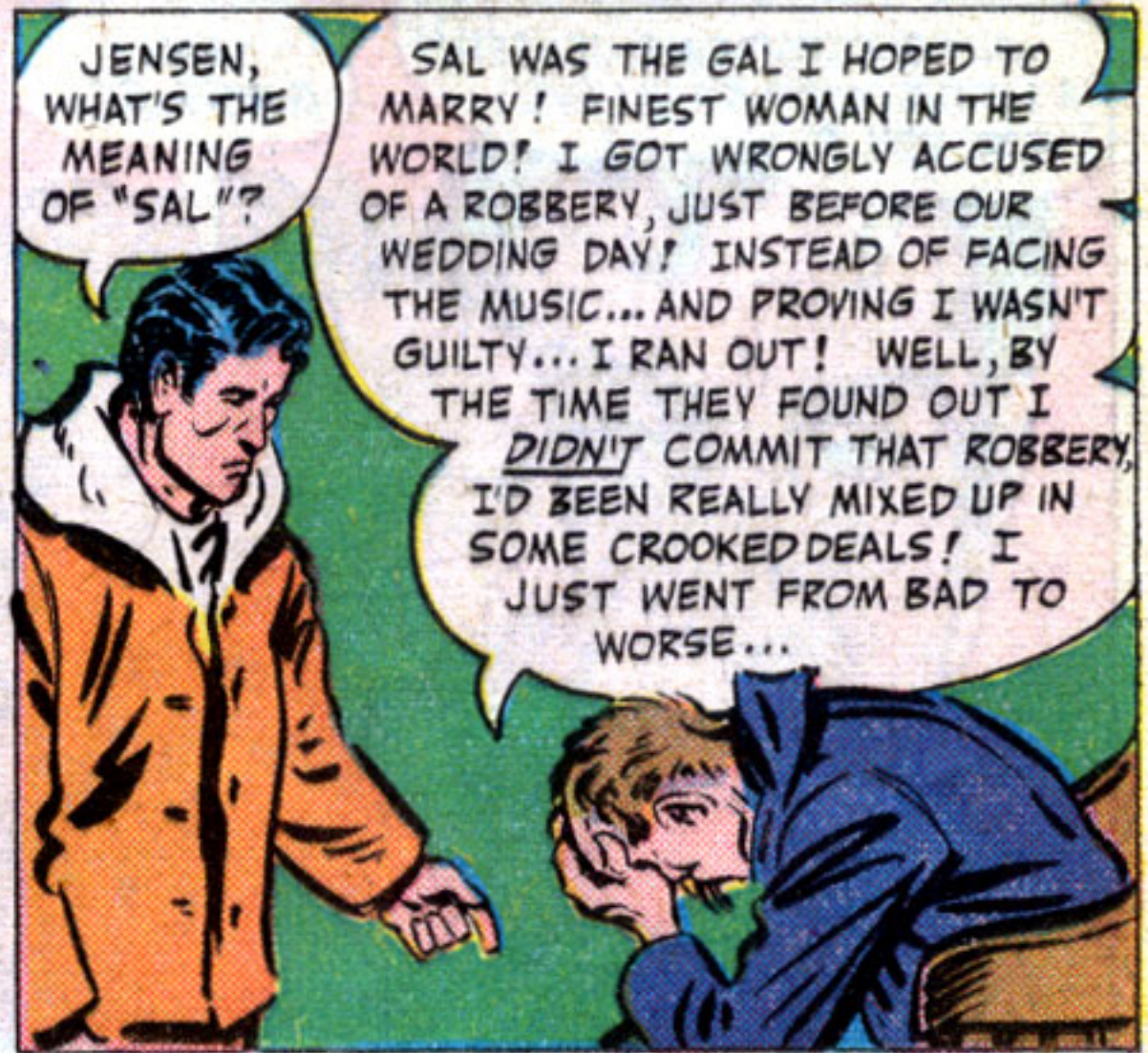
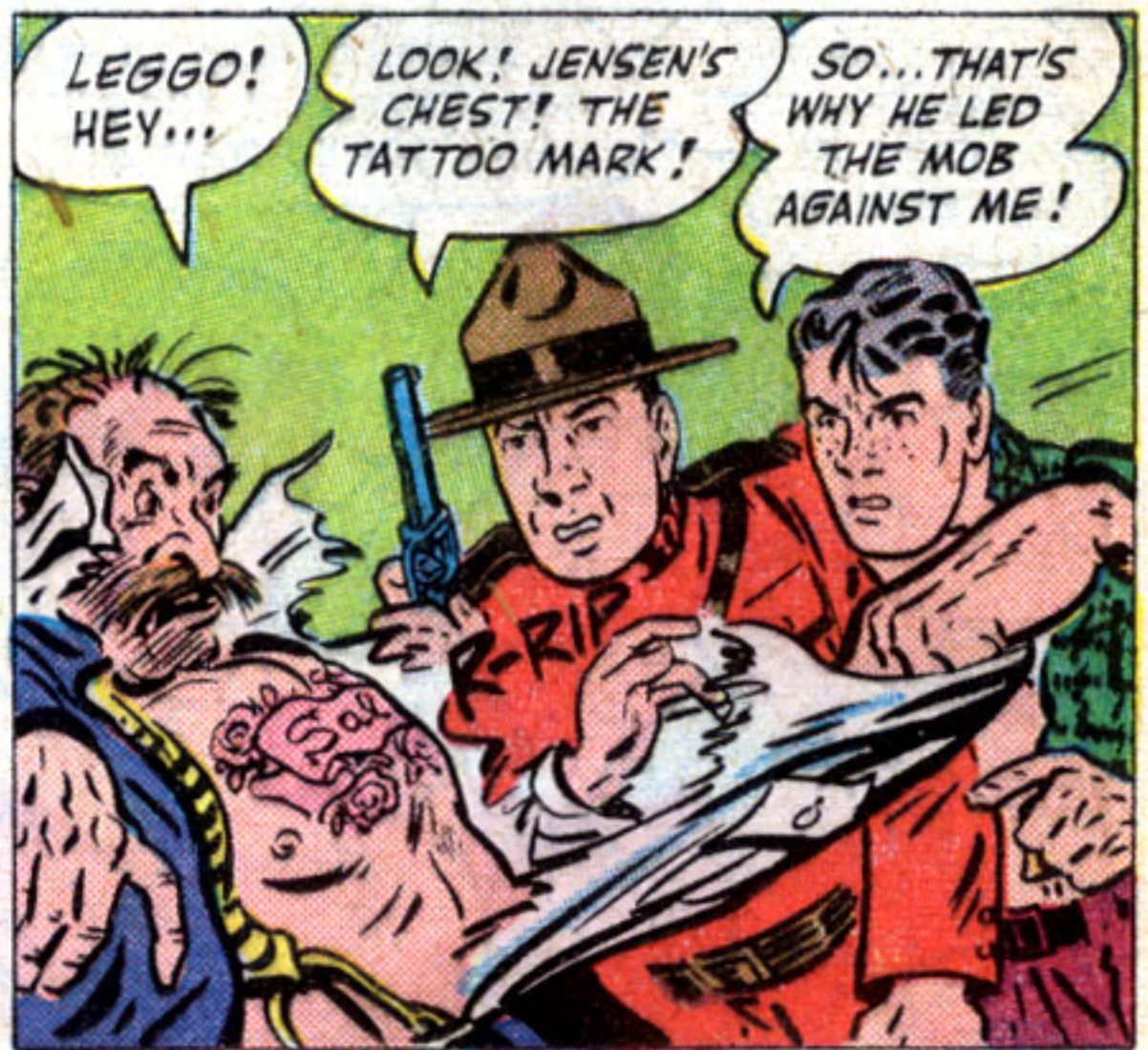














Skypilot in "THE LUMBER PIRATES"

THE NORTHLAND IS A COUNTRY OF GREAT COLD, VIOLENT UPHEAVALS OF NATURE, AND GIANT TREES, WHERE DEATH AND PRIMITIVE LIFE LURK... A RUGGED COUNTRY, WHERE ONLY STRONG, RED-BLOODED MEN CAN SURVIVE! THIS IS A TALE OF JUST SUCH MEN... FOR HERE *Skypilot* BATTLES THE "LUMBER PIRATES"!

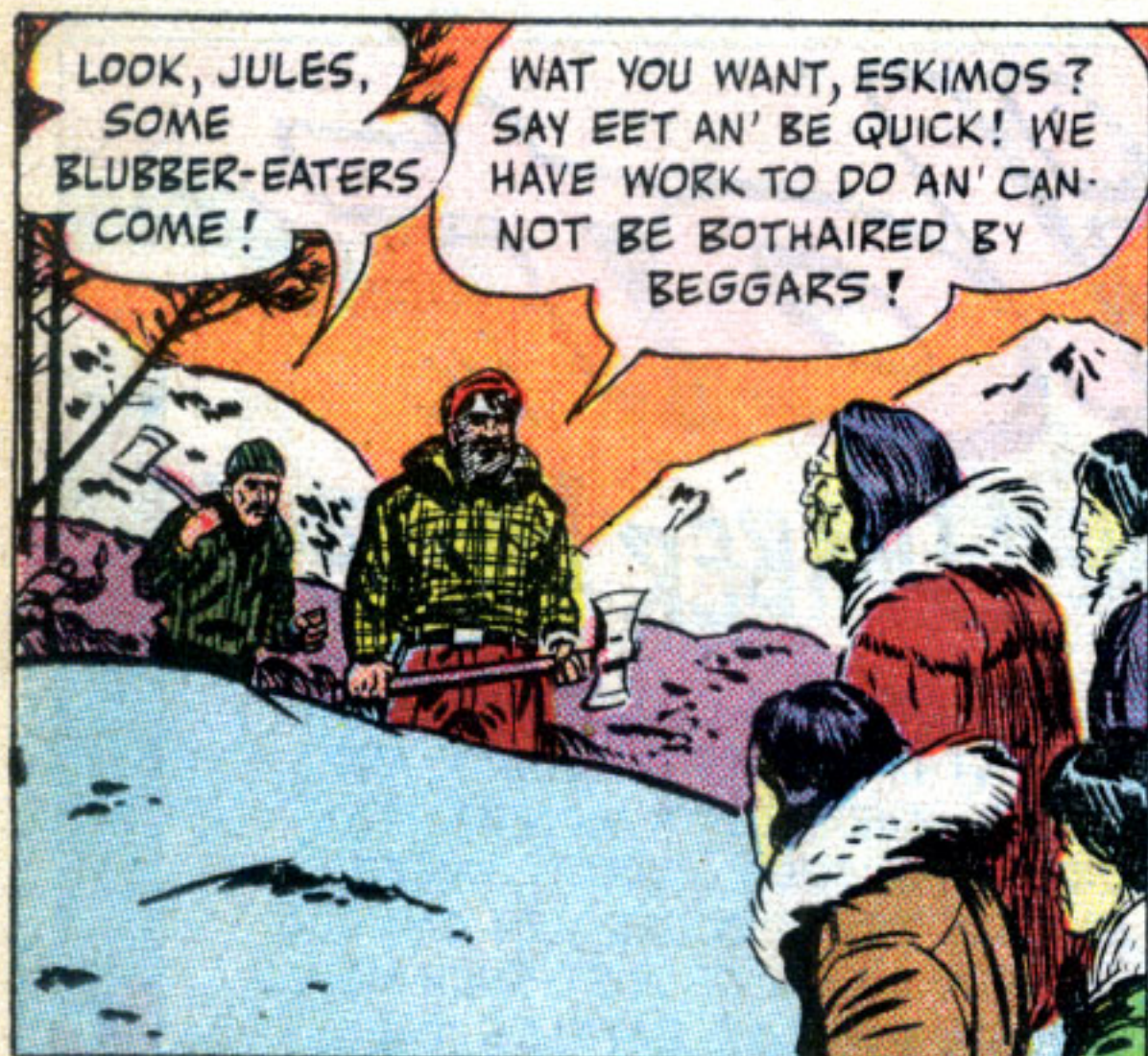
THERE ARE MEN IN THE NORTH CALLED LUMBER PIRATES... BRUTAL, STRONG MEN WHO CUT AND SELL TIMBER WITHOUT LICENSE IN DEFIANCE OF THE LAW! SUCH A MAN WAS JULES BROUSSAC!

BY GAR, THAT EES FINE STAND OF TIMBER! MAKE CAMP, WE CUT HERE!

WE CAN FLOAT THEES LOGS DOWN THE RIVAIR BELOW, EH, JULES?

SURE, THEES TIMBER SLIDE DOWN THE SLOPE EENTO THE WATER! SACRE NOM, WHAT YOU WAIT FOR? BEGEEEN CUTTING!

HAH, YOU ARE ANXIOUS TO GET A GOOD CUTTING STARTED DOWN THE RIVAIR BEFORE THE MOUNTIES FIND OUT! I THINK WE MAKE MUCH MONEY FROM THEES TIMBER!



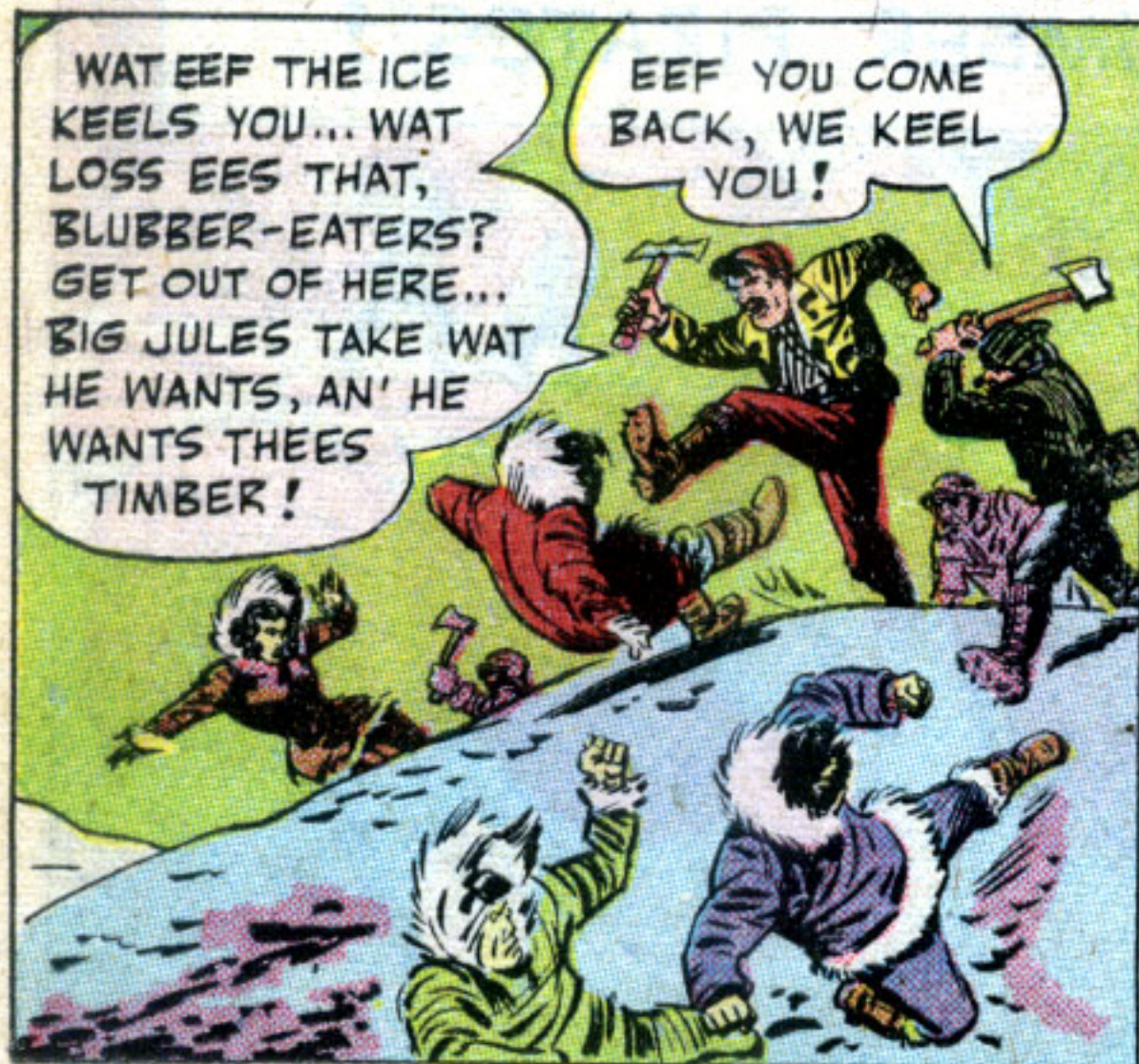
LOOK, JULES,
SOME
BLUBBER-EATERS
COME!

WAT YOU WANT, ESKIMOS?
SAY EET AN' BE QUICK! WE
HAVE WORK TO DO AN' CAN-
NOT BE BOTHAIRED BY
BEGGARS!



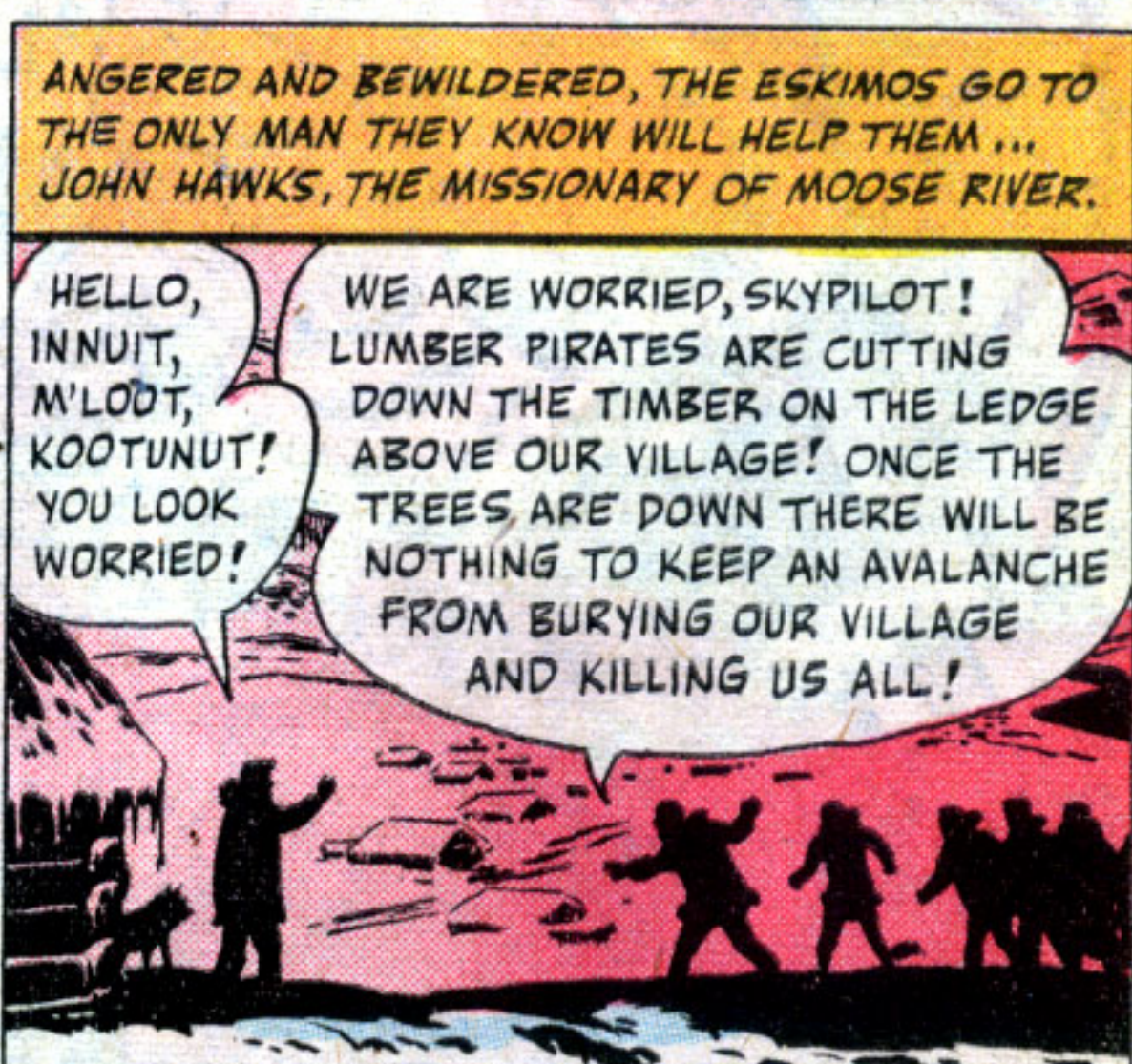
WE
ARE NOT
BEGGARS!

BE STILL, CHILD! SIR, YOU HAVE
NO RIGHT TO CUT THIS TIMBER.
THIS IS ESKIMO LAND, OWNED BY
US! BELOW IS OUR VILLAGE AND
IF THESE TREES ARE CUT, SHALE
AND ICE FROM THE TOP OF THIS
MOUNTAIN WILL COME DOWN AND
KILL US! ONLY THIS BELT OF
TIMBER HOLDS THE SHALE AND
ICE FROM FALLING!



WAT EEF THE ICE
KEELS YOU... WAT
LOSS EES THAT,
BLUBBER-EATERS?
GET OUT OF HERE...
BIG JULES TAKE WAT
HE WANTS, AN' HE
WANTS THEES
TIMBER!

Eef YOU COME
BACK, WE KEEL
YOU!



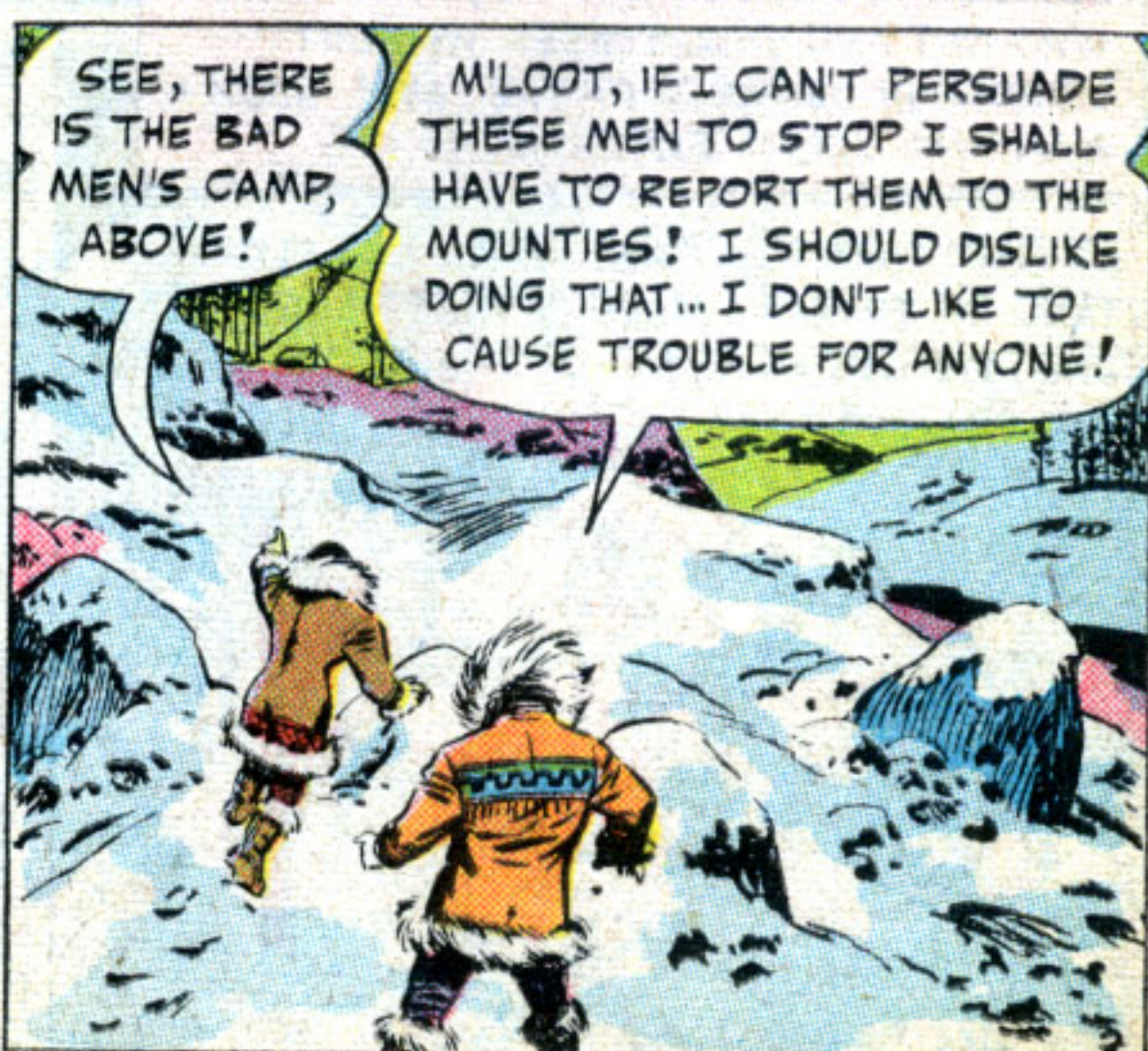
ANGERED AND BEWILDERED, THE ESKIMOS GO TO
THE ONLY MAN THEY KNOW WILL HELP THEM...
JOHN HAWKS, THE MISSIONARY OF MOOSE RIVER.



OUR YOUNG MEN
WISH TO ATTACK
THE PIRATES, BUT I
HAVE SAID THAT YOU
SHOULD FIRST BE
ALLOWED TO TRY TO
MAKE THESE BAD
MEN GO AWAY
PEACEFULLY.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR
CONFIDENCE, INNUIT! THIS
IS SERIOUS INDEED! I'LL
SEE THESE LAW BREAKERS
RIGHT AWAY! WHAT PART
OF THE LEDGE ARE THEY
WORKING?

COME, M'LOOT
WILL GUIDE
YOU!



SEE, THERE
IS THE BAD
MEN'S CAMP,
ABOVE!

M'LOOT, IF I CAN'T PERSUADE
THESE MEN TO STOP I SHALL
HAVE TO REPORT THEM TO THE
MOUNTIES! I SHOULD DISLIKE
DOING THAT... I DON'T LIKE TO
CAUSE TROUBLE FOR ANYONE!



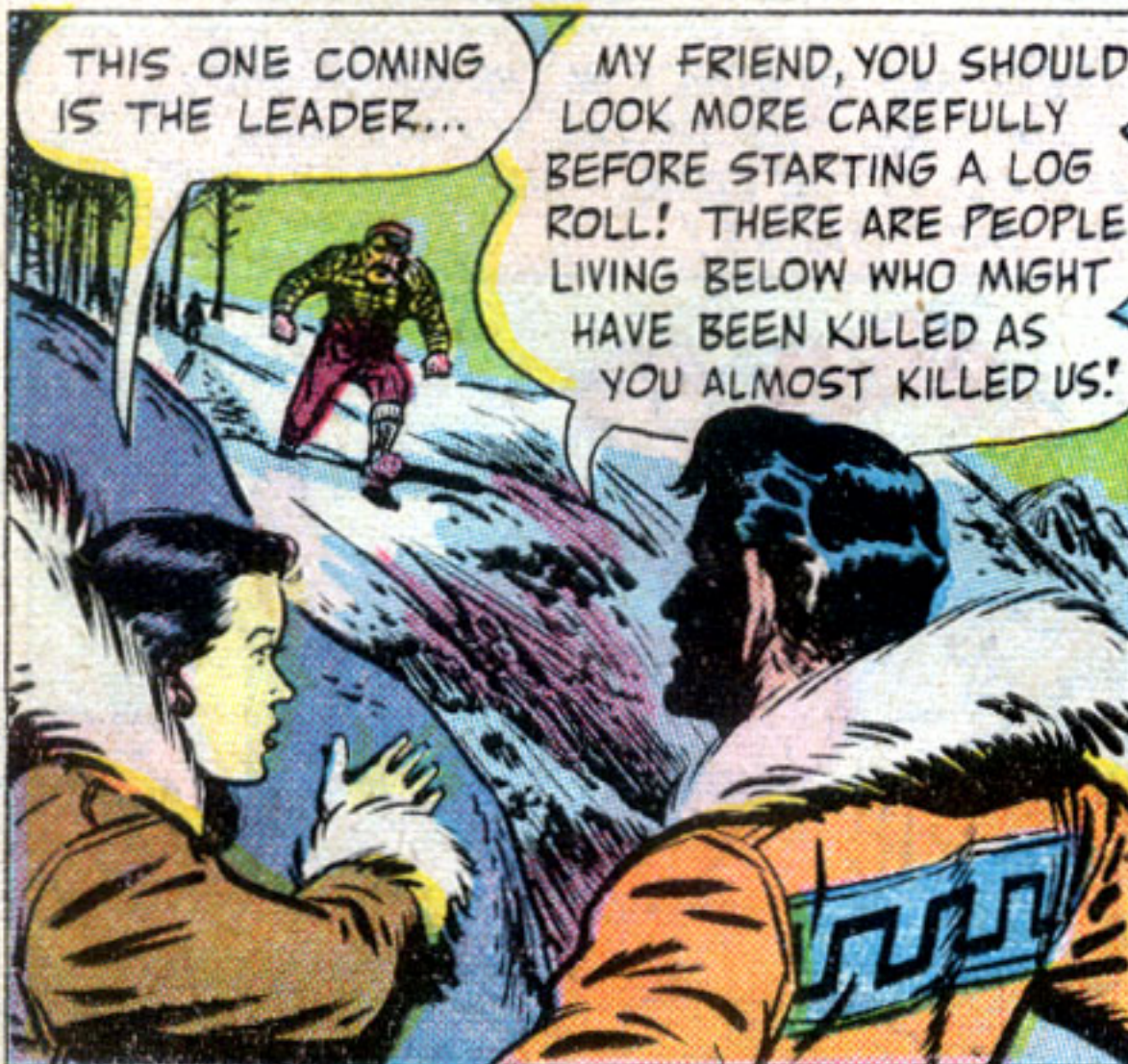
LOOK OUT!
THEY HAVE
LOOSENED
THE LOGS
ON US!

THIS WAY,
M'LOOT...
QUICKLY!



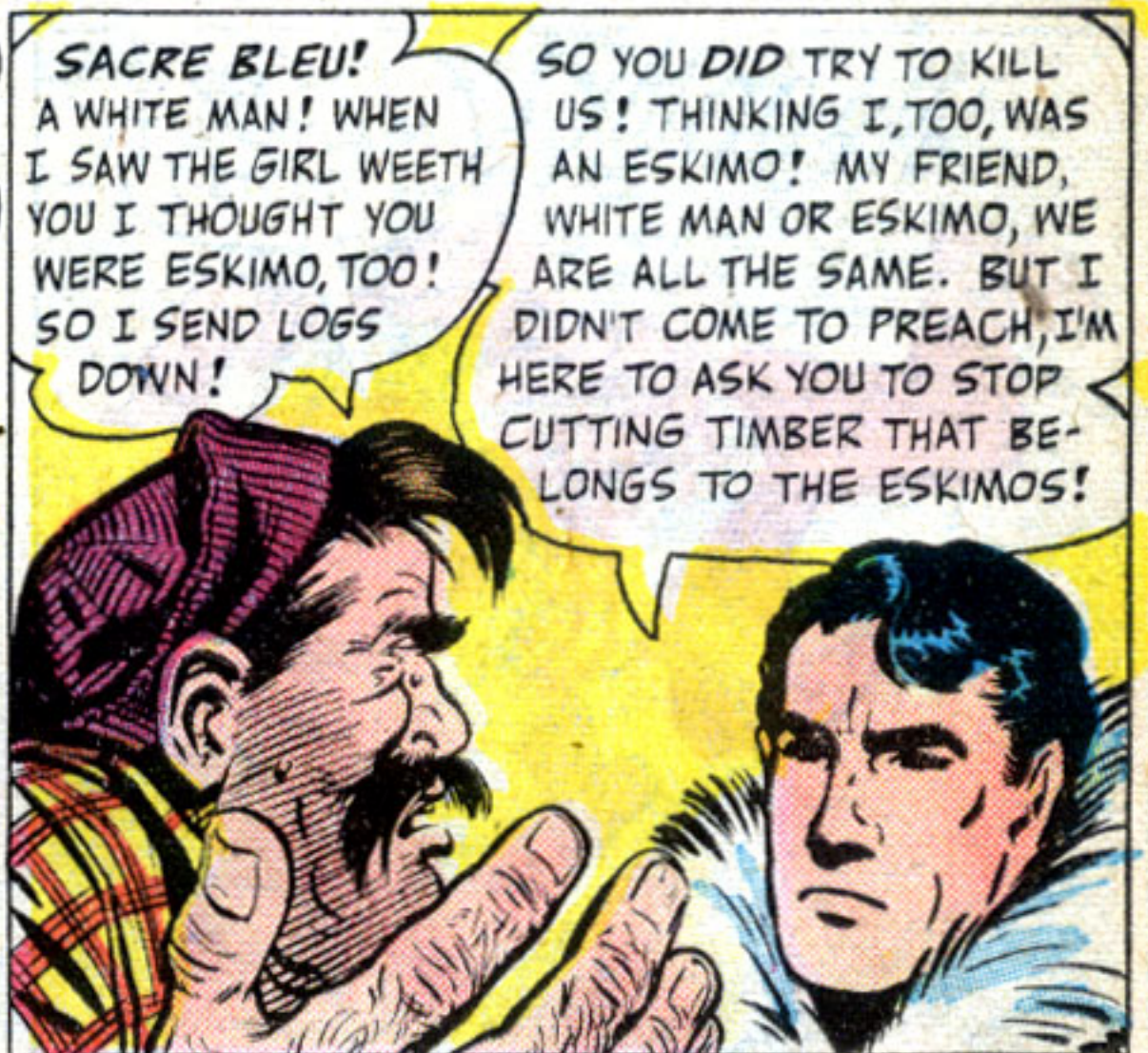
THEY MEANT TO
KILL US!...AND WOULD
HAVE IF YOU HADN'T
ACTED SO SWIFTLY!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT
THESE MEN ARE MURDER-
ERS, M'LOOT! THEY JUST
DIDN'T SEE US AND
STARTED THE LOGS
DOWN TO THE
RIVER.



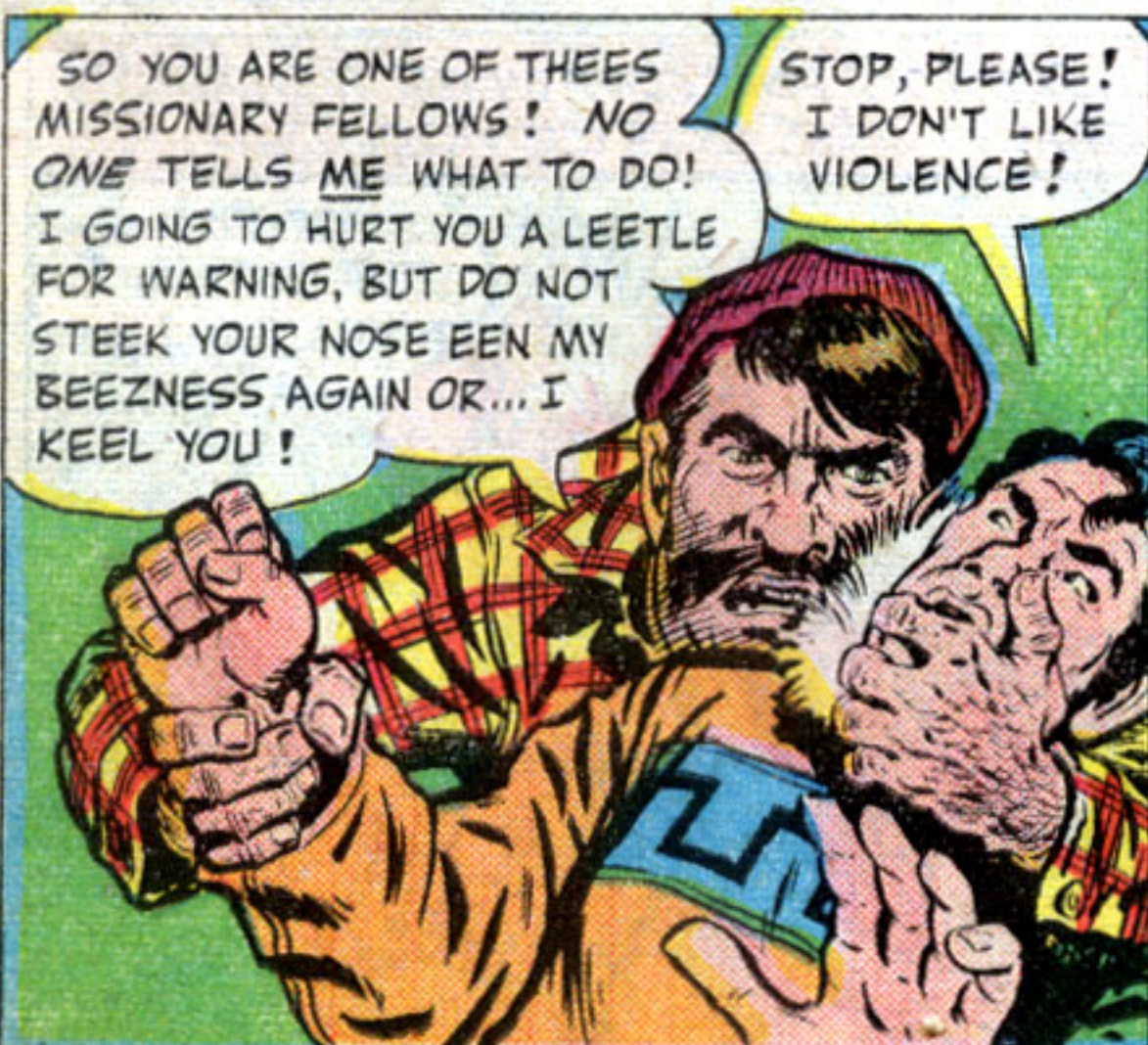
THIS ONE COMING
IS THE LEADER...

MY FRIEND, YOU SHOULD
LOOK MORE CAREFULLY
BEFORE STARTING A LOG
ROLL! THERE ARE PEOPLE
LIVING BELOW WHO MIGHT
HAVE BEEN KILLED AS
YOU ALMOST KILLED US!



SACRE BLEU!
A WHITE MAN! WHEN
I SAW THE GIRL WEETH
YOU I THOUGHT YOU
WERE ESKIMO, TOO!
SO I SEND LOGS
DOWN!

SO YOU DID TRY TO KILL
US! THINKING I, TOO, WAS
AN ESKIMO! MY FRIEND,
WHITE MAN OR ESKIMO, WE
ARE ALL THE SAME. BUT I
DIDN'T COME TO PREACH, I'M
HERE TO ASK YOU TO STOP
CUTTING TIMBER THAT BE-
LONGS TO THE ESKIMOS!

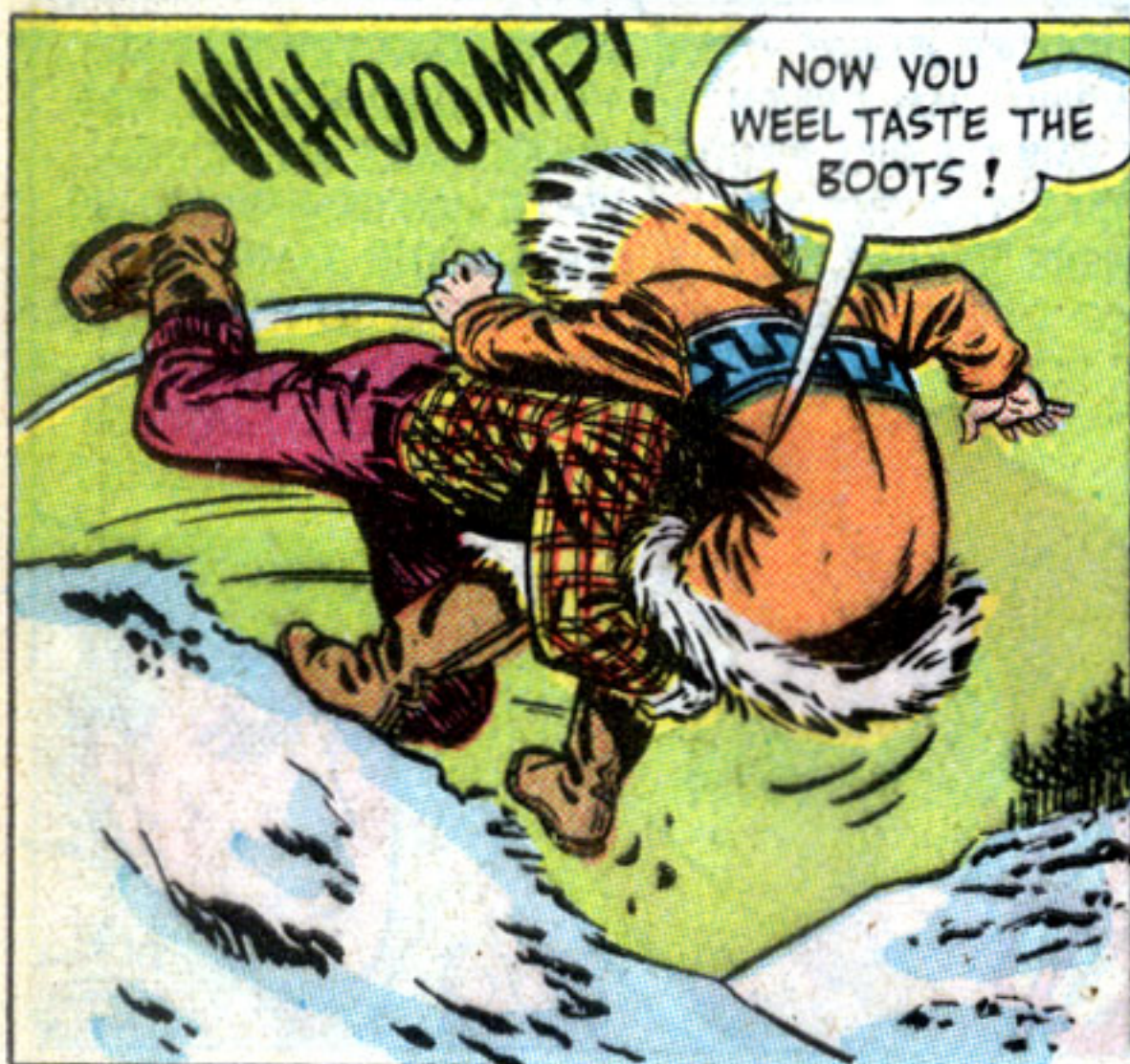
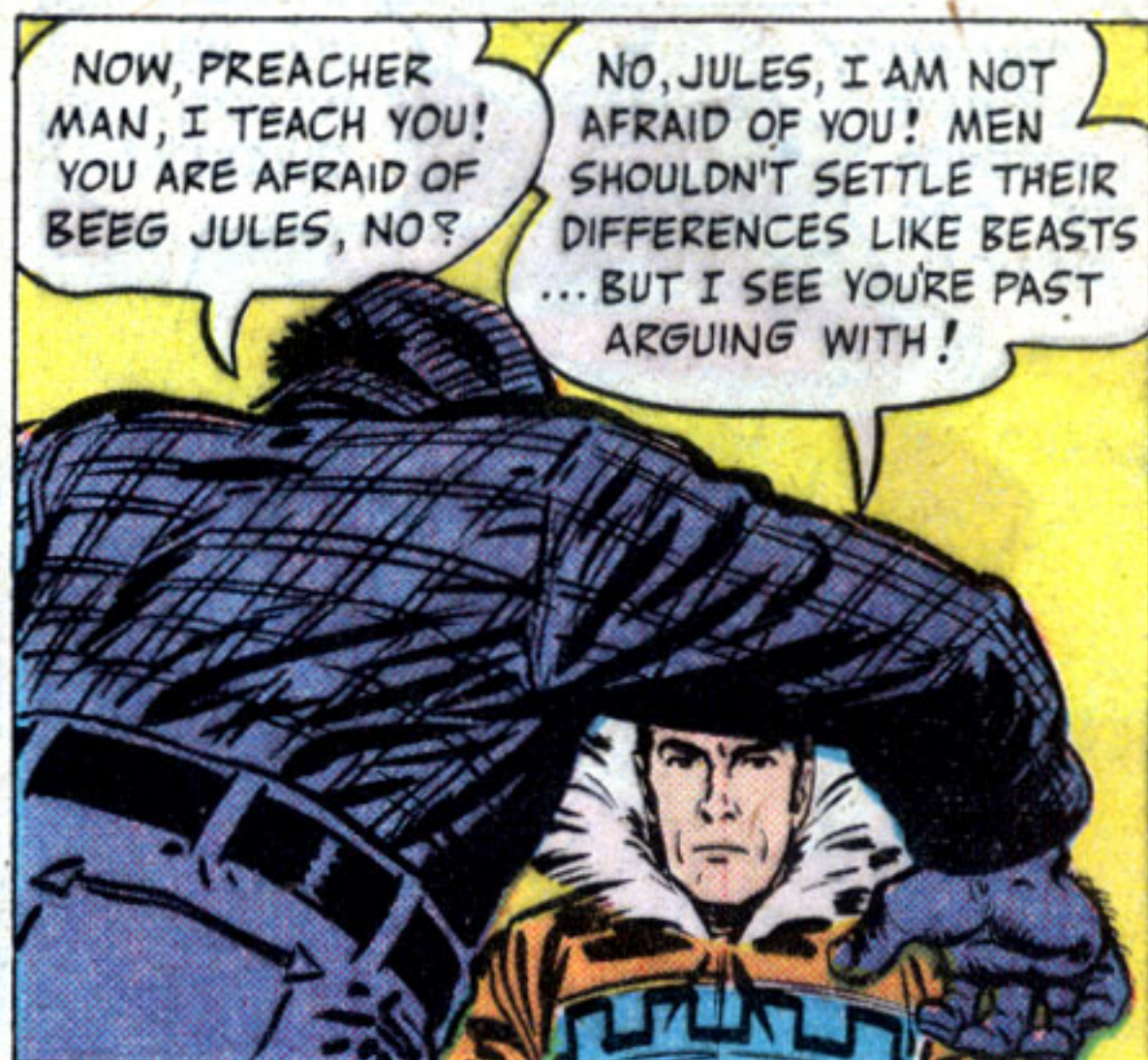


SO YOU ARE ONE OF THEES
MISSIONARY FELLOWS! NO
ONE TELLS ME WHAT TO DO!
I GOING TO HURT YOU A LEETLE
FOR WARNING, BUT DO NOT
STEEK YOUR NOSE EEN MY
BEEZNESS AGAIN OR... I
KEEL YOU!

STOP, PLEASE!
I DON'T LIKE
VIOLENCE!



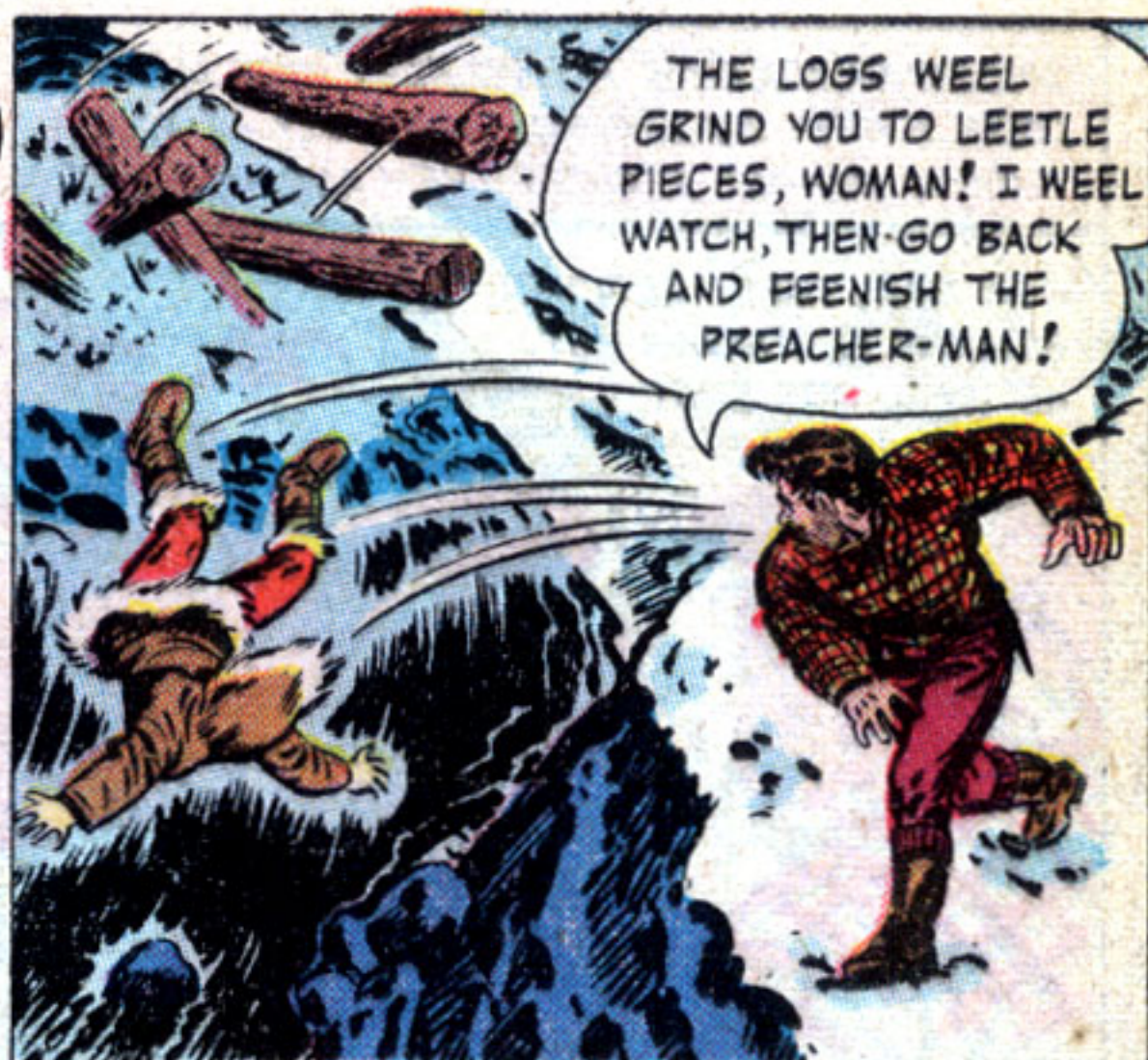
I SAID
STOP!





I WILL TELL
THE MOUNTIES!
YOU WILL BE
JAILED
FOREVER!

YOU WEEL TELL NO ONE
NOTHING WHEN I AM THROUGH
WEETH YOU! MEN... LOOSE
THOSE LOGS!

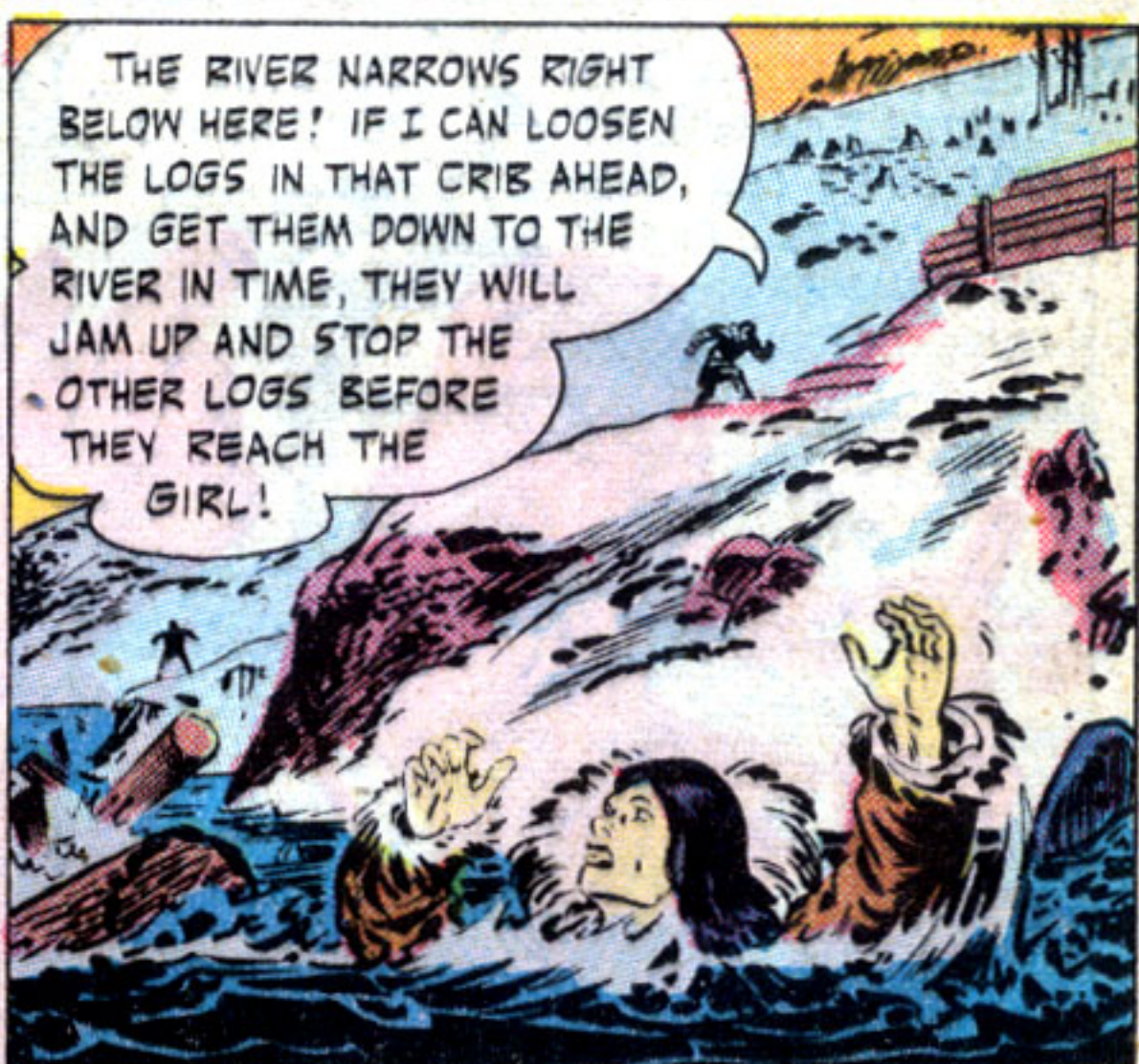


THE LOGS WEEL
GRIND YOU TO LEETLE
PIECES, WOMAN! I WEEL
WATCH, THEN GO BACK
AND FEENISH THE
PREACHER-MAN!



THE CLEAN LIFE THAT SKYPILOT HAS LED SERVES
HIM WELL NOW! HE RECOVERS RAPIDLY FROM THE
BRUTAL MAULING!

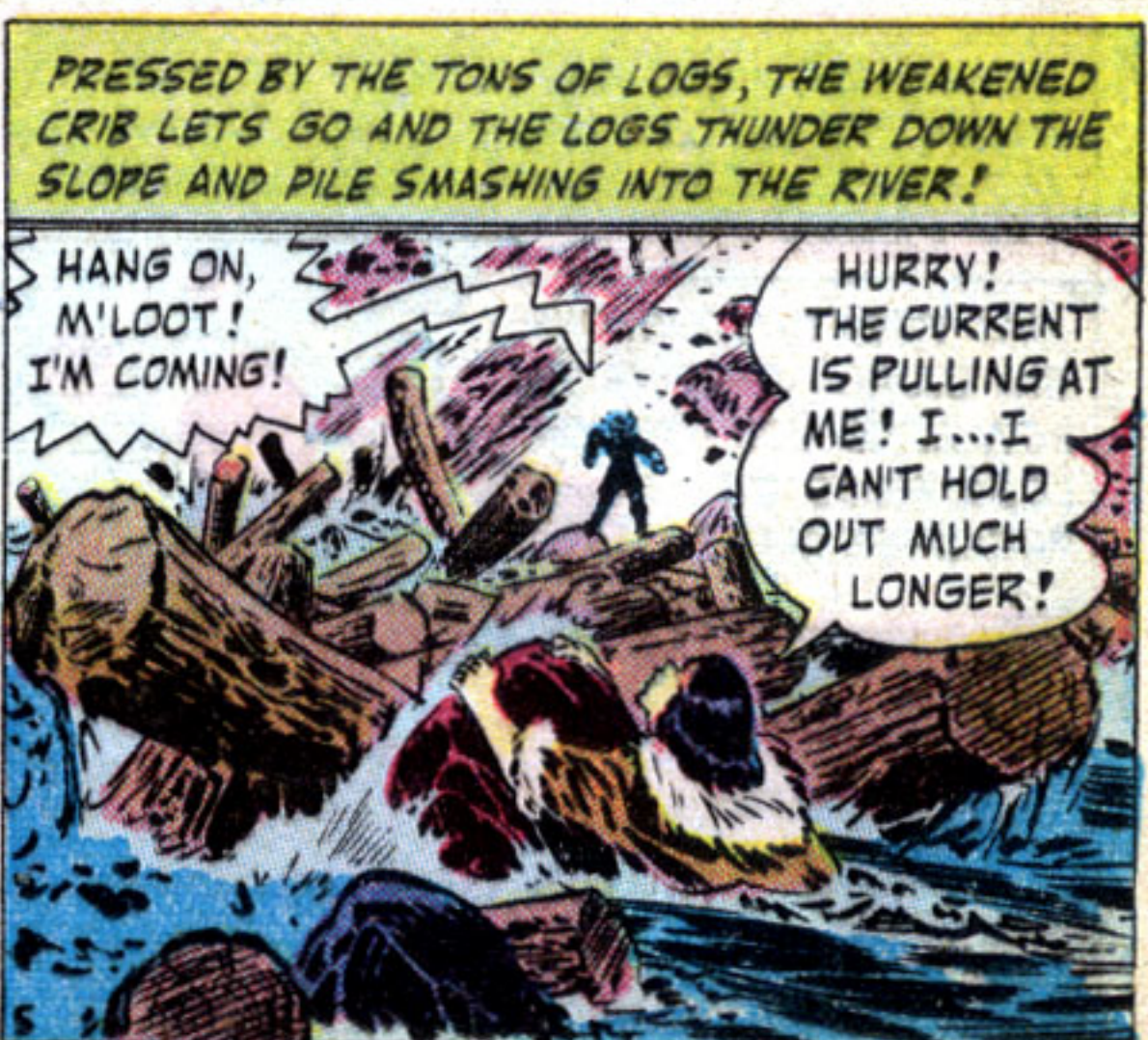
I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT
PLUCKY GIRL... BUT HOW?
I'VE GOT IT! THE ONLY
THING THAT HAS A
CHANCE OF SUCCESS!



THE RIVER NARROWS RIGHT
BELOW HERE! IF I CAN LOOSEN
THE LOGS IN THAT CRIB AHEAD,
AND GET THEM DOWN TO THE
RIVER IN TIME, THEY WILL
JAM UP AND STOP THE
OTHER LOGS BEFORE
THEY REACH THE
GIRL!



THEY'RE COMING
LOOSE... I HOPE THEY
DON'T HIT THE GIRL
AS THE RIVER SWEEPS
HER PAST HERE!



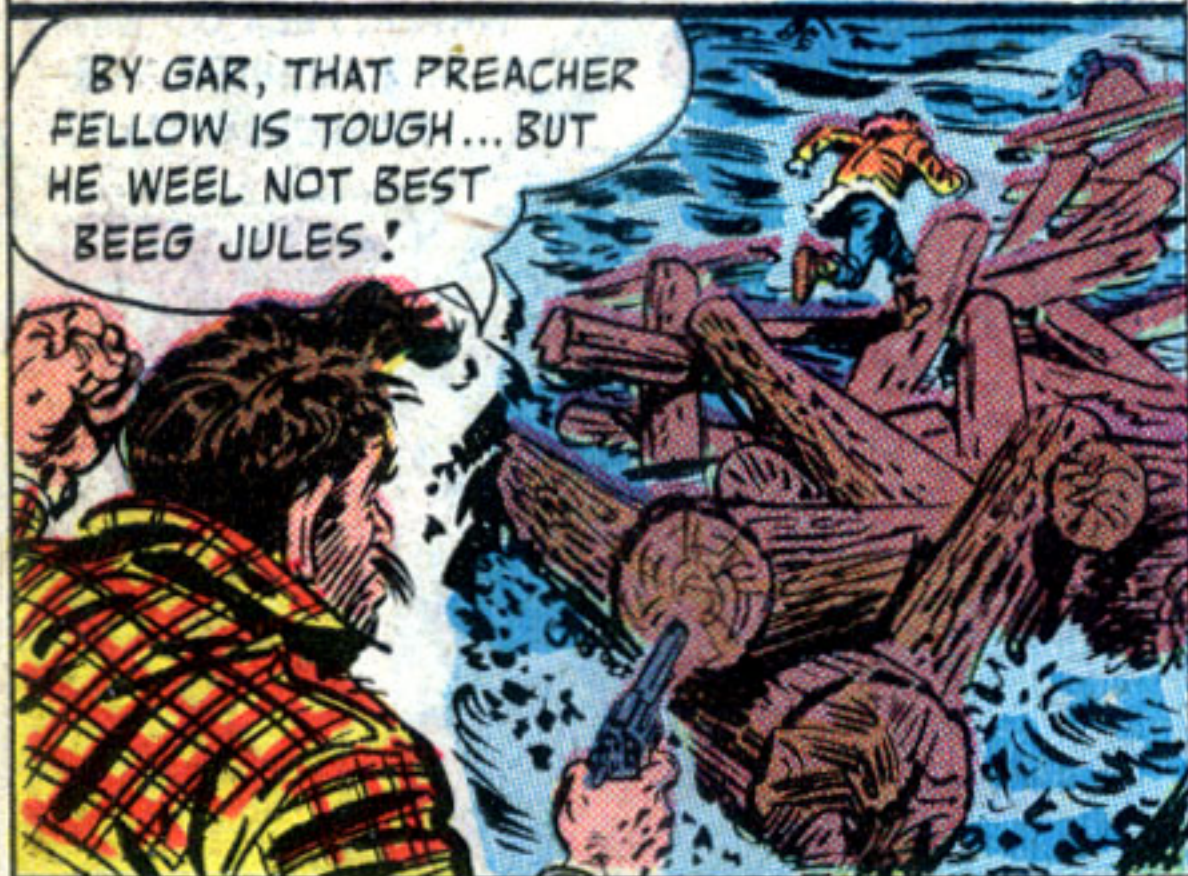
PRESSED BY THE TONS OF LOGS, THE WEAKENED
CRIB LETS GO AND THE LOGS THUNDER DOWN THE
SLOPE AND PILE SMASHING INTO THE RIVER!

HANG ON,
M'LOOT!
I'M COMING!

HURRY!
THE CURRENT
IS PULLING AT
ME! I...I
CAN'T HOLD
OUT MUCH
LONGER!

UNDER SKYPILOT'S FLYING FEET, THE JAMMED LOGS SHIFT AND QUIVER OMINOUSLY AS THE TIMBER BEHIND STRIKES THEM AND PILE UP!

BY GAR, THAT PREACHER FELLOW IS TOUGH... BUT HE WEEL NOT BEST BEEG JULES!



WE MUST GET OFF THIS JAM FAST! IT MIGHT LET GO ANY MINUTE! BESIDES WE'RE PERFECT TARGETS FOR OUR FRIEND JULES!

I KNEW YOU WOULD SAVE ME! ONLY YOU COULD HAVE DONE IT!

POW POW!



HE DODGES LAK JACK RABBIT... I CANNOT HIT HIM! BUT I FEEX HEEM YET! PIERRE... BREENG ME DYNAMITE... QUEEKLY!

SURE, JULES, RIGHT AWAY!



THE JAM DIDN'T STRETCH ALL THE WAY ACROSS! WE CAN'T GET OVER THAT!

IF THE JAM SHAKES LOOSE, THESE LOGS WILL THROW US INTO THE RIVER AND CRUSH US!



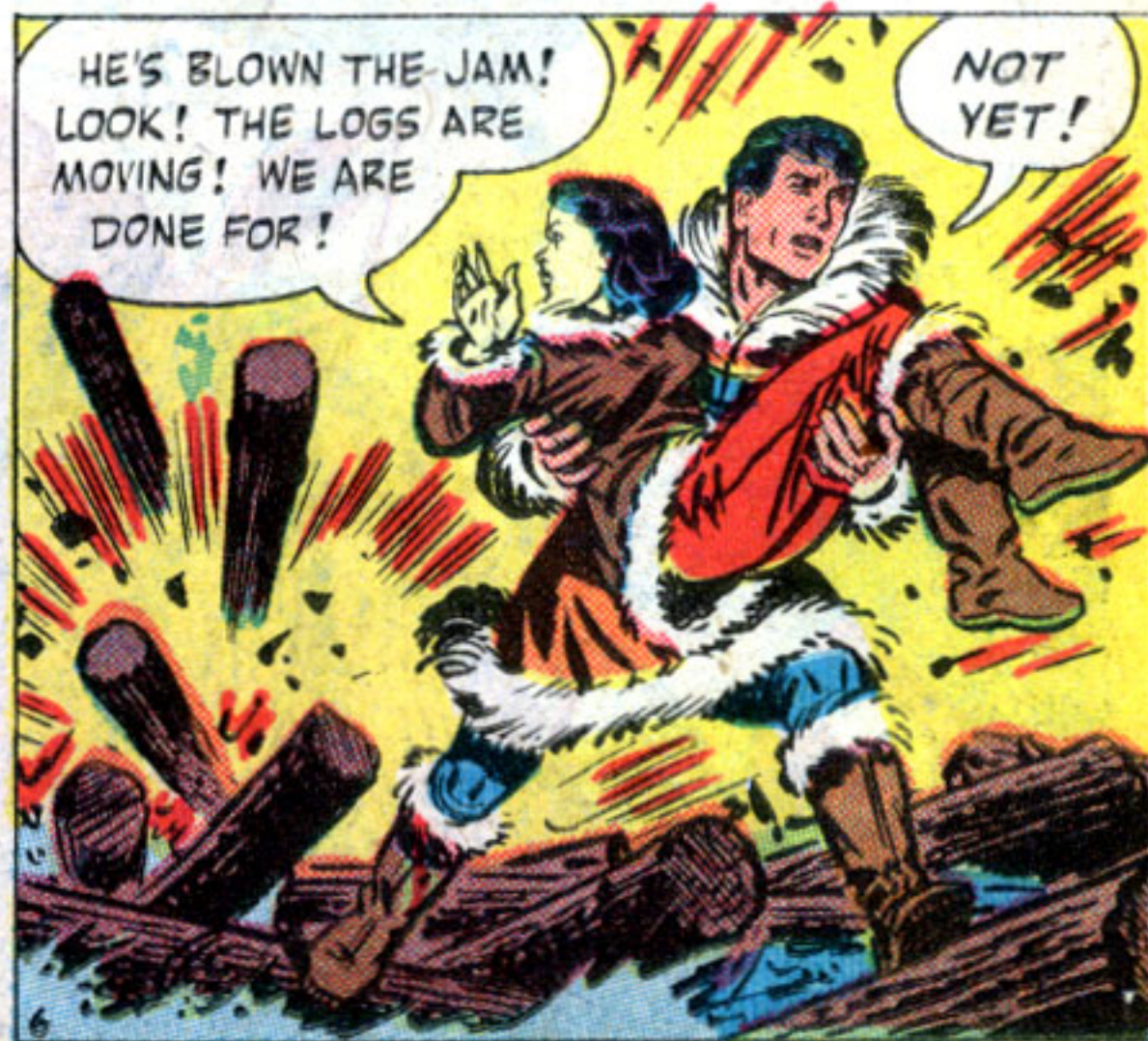
MEANWHILE, JULES HAS PLANTED HIS DYNAMITE UNDER THE KEY LOG OF THE JAM, TO BLOW IT UP AND START THE PILED UP LOGS ROLLING DOWN THE RAGING RIVER!

HA! PRETTY SOON, ONE BIG BANG... THEN WE SEE HOW LONG YOU STAY ON LOGS, MEESTER PREACHER MAN!



HE'S BLOWN THE JAM! LOOK! THE LOGS ARE MOVING! WE ARE DONE FOR!

NOT YET!



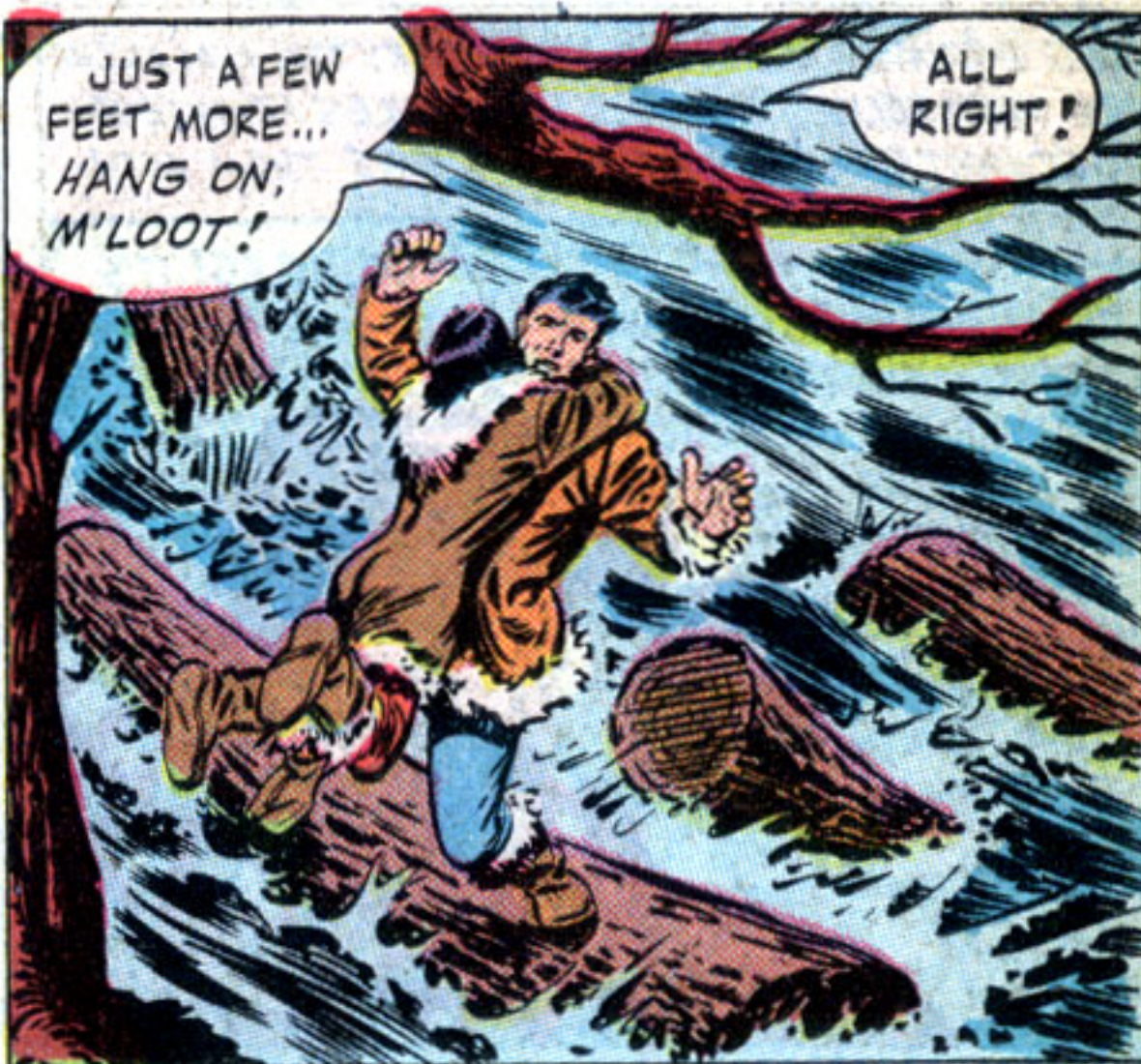
THE TREACHEROUS LOGS LEAP, ROLL AND PLUNGE LIKE LIVE THINGS IN THE RACING RIVER...WET, UNSURE MENACES UNDER SKYPILOT'S FLYING FEET! ONE SLIP MEANS A CRUSHING, GRINDING DEATH!

IF I CAN STAY UPRIGHT UNTIL I REACH THOSE OVERHANGING TREES...



JUST A FEW FEET MORE... HANG ON, M'LOOT!

ALL RIGHT!



MIRACULOUSLY, SKYPILOT KEEPS HIS BALANCE ON THE CHURNING TIMBER... THEN, AS THE SWIFT-MOVING LOGS CARRY HIM TO THE OVER-HANGING BRANCHES, HE LEAPS UPWARD, AND...

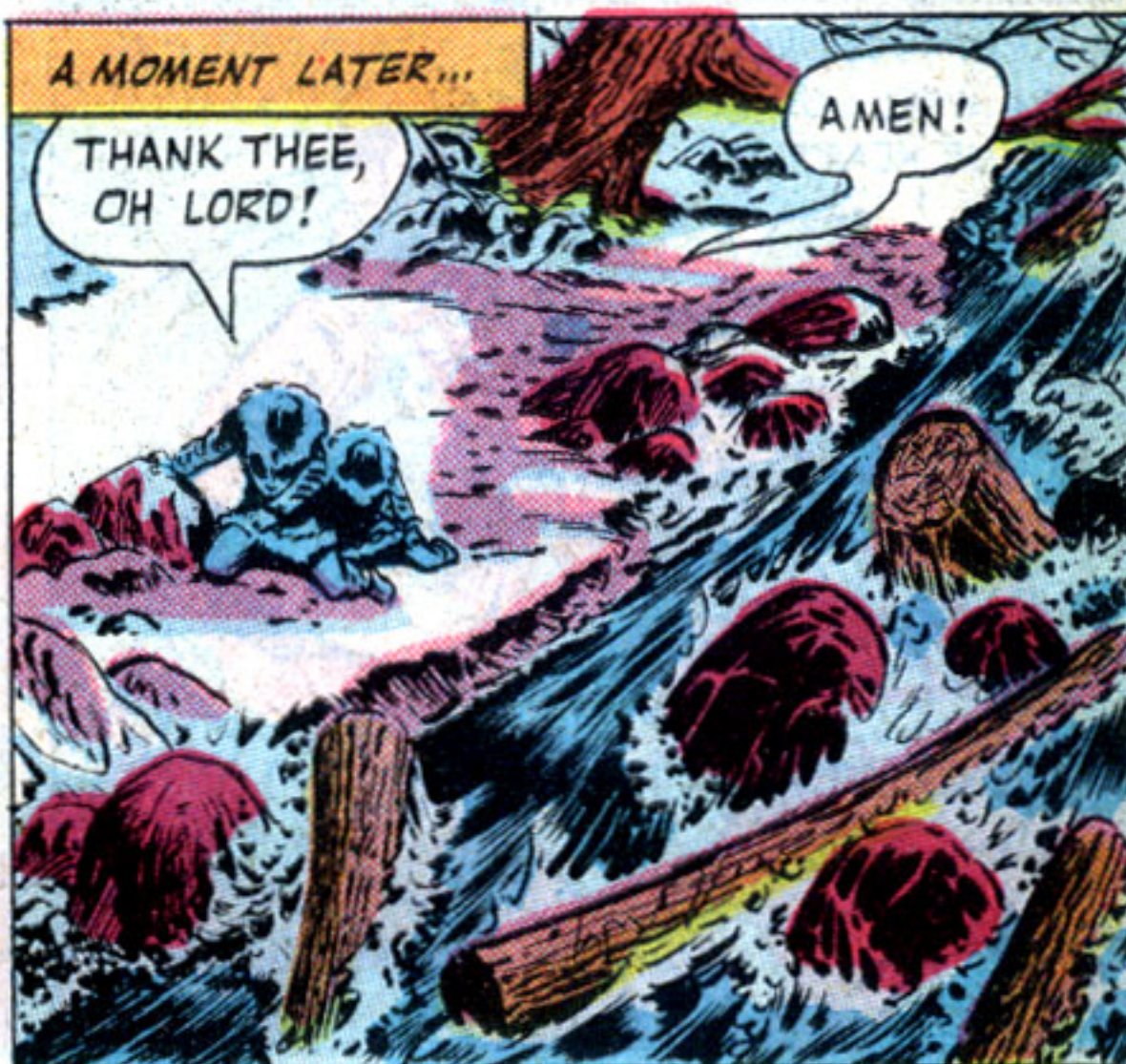
MADE IT!



A MOMENT LATER...

THANK THEE, OH LORD!

AMEN!



THINKING THE MISSIONARY AND THE GIRL HAVE BEEN KILLED AMONGST THE LOGS, BIG JULES AND HIS MEN RESUME THEIR LOGGING OPERATIONS.

NOW WEEL'SKEEN THEES LEDGE OF TIMBER! WORK, YOU NAMELESS PEEGS... WORK!

WAIT, JULES! WHAT EES THAT RUMBLING SOUND?!!



RUN! EET EES AN AVALANCHE!

THEY WARNED US AND WE PAID NO HEED!



THE ESKIMOS, AROUSED TO FURY BY THE AVALANCHE, ARM THEMSELVES AND FALL UPON JULE'S FRIGHTENED, DISORGANIZED LUMBERMEN, CAPTURING THEM WITHOUT A STRUGGLE!

THE BLUBBER-EATERS HAVE CAPTURED THOSE FOOLS! NOW EES TIME FOR JULES TO GO... BEFORE THE MOUNTIES COME!

NO, JULES! IT'S TOO LATE TO RUN OUT NOW!



YOU! EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED TO BIG JULES EES YOUR FAULT! I THOUGHT I HAVE KEEL YOU, BUT NOW, EEF YOU BE MAN OR GHOST, I MAKE SURE I KEEL YOU!

JULES, DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU CAME QUIETLY AND TOOK YOUR JUST PUNISHMENT FROM THE LAW?



I SHOW YOU HOW QUIETLY JULES WEEL GO! I WEEL CUT YOUR HEART OUT, YOU...!



NOW THE TWO MEN STRAIN AGAINST EACH OTHER IN A SILENT DEADLY DUEL! ONLY THE SODDEN SOUND OF FIST ON FLESH, THE CRACK OF STRAINING SINEW, AND THE SHUFFLE OF MOVING FEET CAN BE HEARD!



THE POWERFUL LOGGER SAGS UNDER THE BLOW AND SKYPILOT PUTS EVERY BIT OF STRENGTH HE HAS LEFT INTO A PILE-DRIVING SMASH TO THE BIG MAN'S JAW!

THAT DOES---IT!



AN HOUR LATER, JULES AND HIS MEN ARE IN THE CUSTODY OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE, AND ARE TAKEN AWAY TO FACE THEIR JUST PUNISHMENT!

OUR VILLAGE WILL BE SAFE IF NO MORE TREES ARE REMOVED! HOW CAN WE REPAY YOU FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE?

I ASK NO PAYMENT, BUT FOR YOUR OWN SAKES I ASK THAT YOU COME TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY, AND HELP SPREAD THE GOSPEL ON THIS FRONTIER.



THE END.

CHEECHAKO CONSTABLE

"You theenk you will take Big Pierre to Peace River Crossing? Eef you theenk that, you are a beeg fool!"

Constable Jim Thorne of the Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police looked at the big French-Canadian, and at the glittering steel handcuffs that enclosed the man's huge wrists. Constable Jim was a big man himself, but the French-Canadian was a giant. And he knew the barren stretches that lay between these northern snowlands, and the end of steel at Peace River Crossing.

Pierre leBlanc grinned at the young constable. "You new man. A *cheechako*. A tenderfoot! You not know these moraines like I do. I weel get away. You weel not take me back to trial for murder."

The big man laughed, and his laughter was a file grating cold chills down Constable Jim's back. He stared as the Frenchman walked on his snowshoes, up ahead of the malemute dog team harnessed to the big, bent-runnered sled. *The worst of it is, thought the Mountie grimly, the big Canuck is right!* Constable Jim Thorne was a recruit with the Force. He did not know these wind-swept snowlands high above the Circle. But the Corporal at Fort Crow had given him the job, and it was his duty to do it.

With the big Frenchman breaking trail through the fluffy snow for the dogs, and the Constable moving easily behind the gliding sled, they moved past the headwaters of the Mackenzie River. The wind and the cold blanketed the great stretches of snow fields. They moved timelessly across the white barrens, steadily.

For two days and two nights, they slid over the snow. The only words spoken were the grim, amused taunts of the big French-Canadian. "You are nice young man. You play thees baseball, hein? I 'ave heard of you. But thees northland, she ees no baseball diamond!"

And the Canuck's booming laughter would shake the ptarmagin from the stumpy pines in the timber line to their left.

Pierre would say, "When I leave you, you be careful, boy! I keel Jean the Cat because he ees need killing! But I do not want to keel you. I weel not. No! I weel leave you to shift for yourself, so be careful!"

Constable Jim became even more cautious with the taunts. He hand-fed big Pierre at every stop. He tied his ankles when the Canuck rolled himself into a blanket. He sat up half the night until he was sure the trapper was asleep. He took every precaution that he could think of.

But the hours of worry and sleeplessness, two nights in a row, began to tell. It was while he was feeding Pierre that the Canuck brought his right foot up into Constable Jim's face. Thorne rolled backward, pain shooting red lightnings across his eyeballs. Pierre did not roar as he leaped for the almost unconscious Mountie. He was as silent as a wolf stalking the caribou.

Pierre saved his breath and his strength, and he landed on Constable Jim with both knees under his ribs. The shock of that blow drove the air from the Mountie's lungs.

As Constable Jim writhed under the torture of lungs straining for air, big Pierre clubbed him under the chin with a knotted fist. The Mountie's head went back against the snow, then twisted sideways, limp.

The Canuck climbed to his feet, looking down on the unconscious constable. He grunted, and turned away. He went to the sled and levered a shell into the constable's service rifle, then came back to stand over the inert man. He growled, "Ha, thees cheechako constable ees no threat to ol' Pierre. I weel not keel him. I weel only take away hees gun an' knife!"

He knelt and searched Thorne carefully. He found a silver flask tucked under a hip, and unscrewed the top, grinning. But instead of brandy or whiskey, there was only water in the canteen. The Canuck chuckled and replaced the flask. He said, "When the cold begin to bite heem, he weel wish eet was brandy een there, you bet!"

Then he took the sled and the dogs, with all the food and weapons on them, and moved off through the night.

It was a quarter of an hour later that Constable Jim stirred and sat up. He stared dazedly around him, reading the traces of the Canuck's hasty flight in the trampled snow. He climbed to his feet and set out, following the twin ridges of the sled's runners in the bright moonlight.

For hours, he plodded along, knowing he

was falling farther and farther behind at every step. The cold wind was whipping loose snow in swirling tornados of fury. Three times he fell during that long night march, and each time he was weaker when he got to his feet.

I'll never catch him, he told himself, as he moved through the bright glare of a winter's day. *And even if I do, I could never overcome him. It took three men to take him, back at Fort Crow!*

But he went on, mile after unrelenting mile. He tore off a bit of bark and clawed at it, making crude snow goggles to protect his eyes from the pitiless glare of the sun-flooded snowfields.

It was after dark when he reached a small trail cabin on the rim of a forest of lodgepole pines. The sled was leaning against the log wall. The dogs, and Pierre leBlanc, were inside the cabin, out of the fury of the storm that was piling up in great gusts of snow and wind.

Constable Jim stood swaying, three hundred yards from the cabin. A great plume of thick, grey smoke was pouring out of the crude stone chimney. Idly, he watched it, shivering even in his fur parka, as the wind blew snow all around him.

He said wryly, "It sure isn't baseball weather, that's a cinch!" Almost unconsciously he bent and lifted a handful of snow, patting and working it into a snowball. "If I'm going to do anything but freeze to death out here, I'd better get at it. But what can I do against Pierre, without a gun, starved and half frozen to death as I am . . .?" He dropped the snowball and staggered toward the cabin, a lonely figure in the white immensity of the wilds. Once he fell, when his legs simply crumpled under him. He lay there, breathing in snow and bitter cold, his lungs on fire with pain. Dazedly, he got back to his knees, then to his feet. He knew, without being told, that unless he got food soon, he would fall and never be able to get up.

"But where am I going to get food? I can't ask leBlanc for it. He thinks I'm dead, ten miles back. And I can't capture him without a gun . . ."

The thick grey smoke curling upward from the cabin chimney drew his eyes. Big Pierre was burning wet wood in his fireplace, and it was smoking heavily. Probably the last man to use the little trail cabin had failed to stock the woodpile — a serious breach of northland ethics — and Pierre had had to rustle wood from beneath the snow.

Some of the smoke was wind-whirled toward

him, so that he dragged in a lungful of it before he could stop himself. He coughed and choked, and his eyes watered, but the idea hit him at that same instant. He moved toward the chimney, put a hand on one of the greyish stones. The chimney was rough, crude. Here and there stones jutted out to form hand and toe holds.

Constable Jim began to climb, pausing often to harvest his strength. When he was on the roof, near the chimney's top, he took off his coat, shivering as the wind ripped through his uniform jacket. He folded the fur parka over the chimney's top, and belted it with his service belt and lanyard.

"That'll keep the smoke inside the cabin," he muttered. "He'll have to come out. No man can stand much of that smoke in his lungs!"

He clung to the chimney, weakly. He had no weapon. Even if he did get Pierre out of the cabin . . .

Idly, he packed snow into a ball again. He turned the snowball over, staring at it. It was almost as big as a baseball. A baseball? Eagerly, Constable Jim fumbled at his hip pocket, brought out the small silver flask that contained water. He unscrewed the top and let the water trickle over the snowball. It caked into solid ice almost as soon as it touched the round white ball.

At that instant, the cabin door banged open. Pierre leBlanc charged out, choking and coughing. He stood there, bent forward, gasping for clean air.

Young Jim stood on the roof, a few feet above him. Forgotten was the snow that whipped around him. Forgotten the cold and the hours of hopeless pursuit. Instead, Jim Thorne saw a sunshiny day, a baseball diamond. He was on the mound . . .

Jim Thorne threw back his right arm. Two fingers were looped over the frozen snowball, gripping it as if it were a baseball, and he was preparing to throw his high, hard one.

The ice-coated snowball caught Pierre leBlanc at the base of his skull as he stood bent forward, coughing. He dropped face forward and lay unmoving, half-buried in the snow.

As he snapped his handcuffs on the dazed Canuck, Constable Jim managed a wry grin. "This baseball isn't as silly as you think, Pierre. It's going to land you behind bars, where you belong . . ."

And Constable Jim Thorne of the Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police stood there in the snow, and laughed.

THE END



SNOWFANG



OUT OF THE BARREN WILDS OF THE FROZEN NORTH HURTTLES THE GIANT FIGURE OF THE LEGENDARY SNOWFANG... PART WOLF, PART MAL-EMUTE DOG. BORN TO THE LAW OF CLAW AND FANG, HE ROVES THE SNOWY WASTELANDS...

KING OF THE ARCTIC WILD!

MOVING ACROSS THE GREAT FIELDS OF ARCTIC SNOW, PAST THE RIM OF A GREAT GLACIER, SLIDES A LONG SLED...

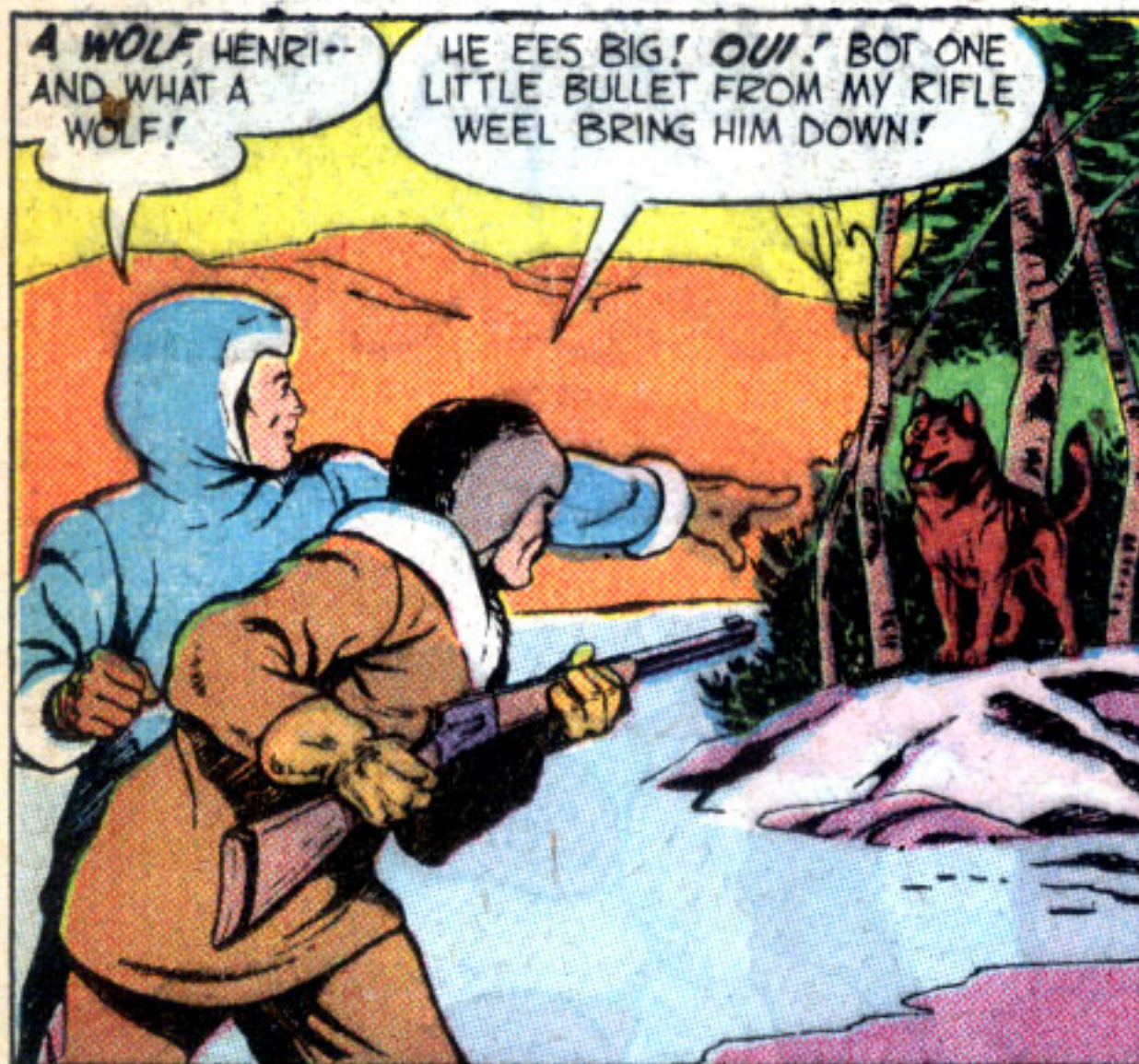


NOW IS MY CHANCE TO KILL HIM! HIS BACK IS TOWARD ME!

HENRI-LOOK!

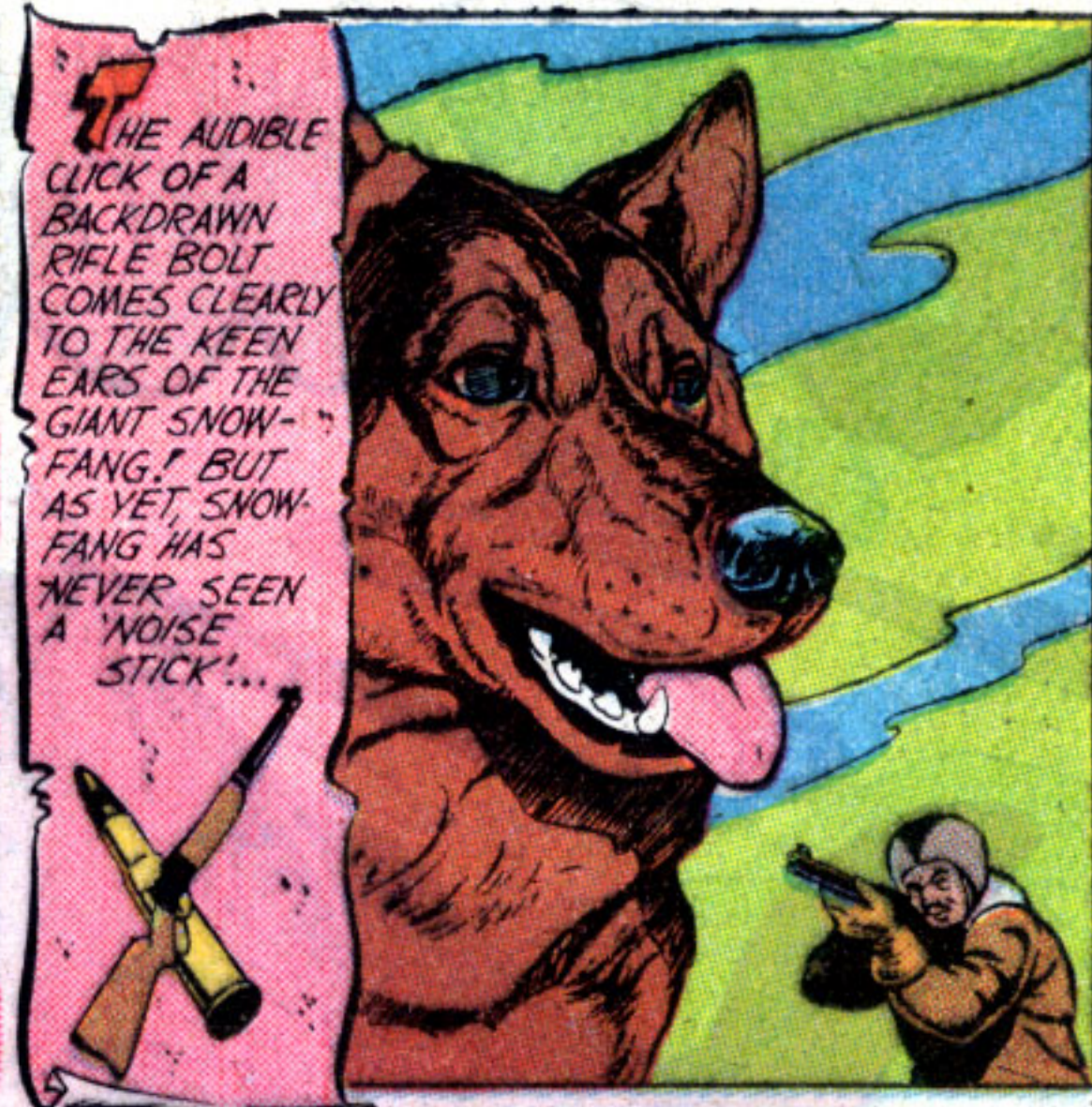
EH? WHAT IS IT?





A WOLF, HENRI--
AND WHAT A WOLF!

HE EES BIG! *OUI!* BOT ONE
LITTLE BULLET FROM MY RIFLE
WEEL BRING HIM DOWN!

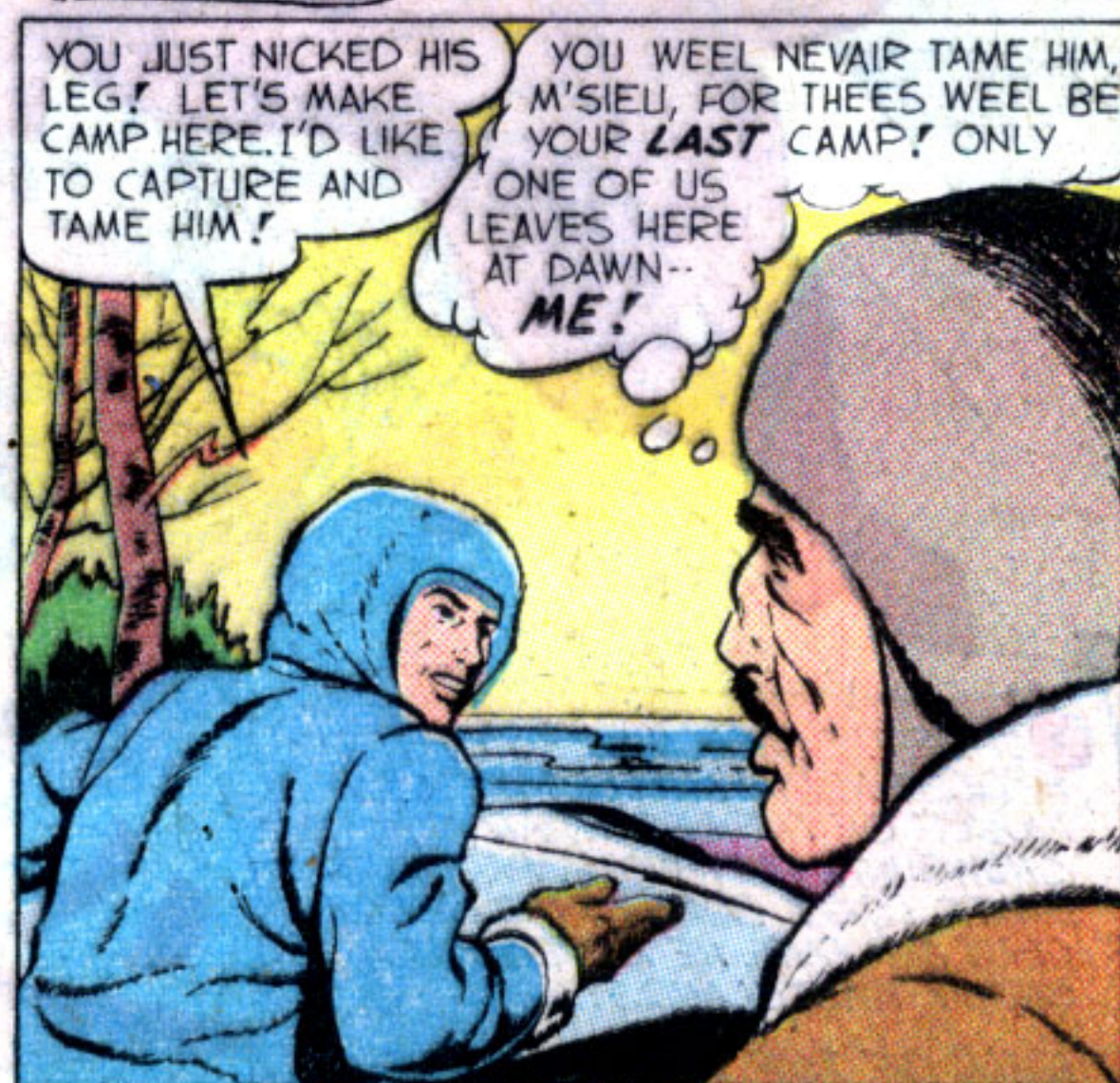


THE AUDIBLE
CLICK OF A
BACKDRAWN
RIFLE BOLT
COMES CLEARLY
TO THE KEEN
EARS OF THE
GIANT SNOW-
FANG! BUT
AS YET, SNOW-
FANG HAS
NEVER SEEN
A 'NOISE
STICK'...



NO! *WAIT!* HE WAGGED
HIS TAIL! THAT'S NO WOLF--
HE'S A *DOG!*

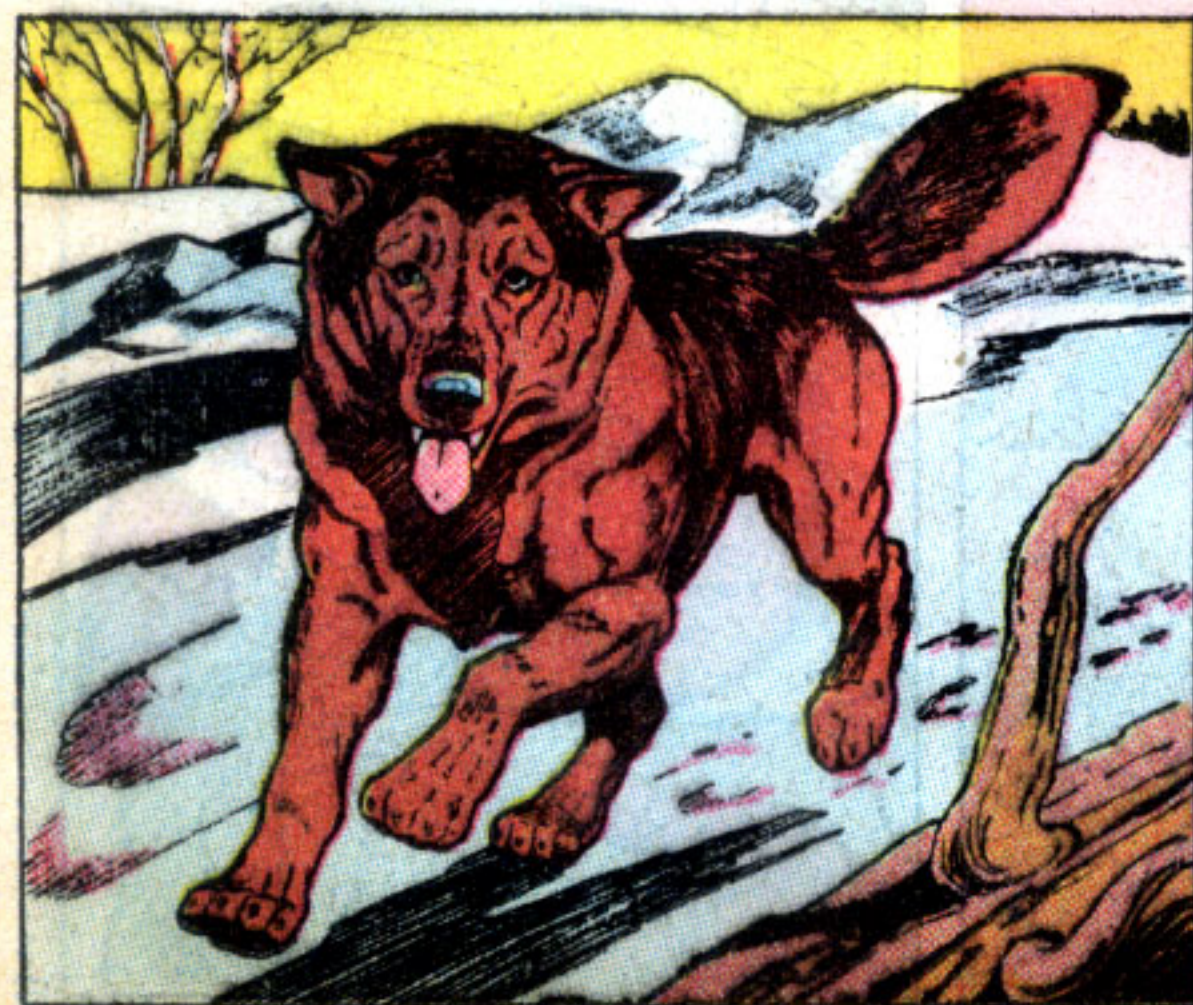
YOU SPOILED MY
AIM! *MA FOI!*



YOU JUST NICKED HIS
LEG! LET'S MAKE
CAMP HERE. I'D LIKE
TO CAPTURE AND
TAME HIM!

YOU WEEL NEVAIR TAME HIM,
M'SIEU, FOR THEES WEEL BE
YOUR *LAST* CAMP! ONLY
ONE OF US
LEAVES HERE
AT DAWN--
ME!

AS SNOWFANG LIMPS AWAY, HIS WILD HEART IS TORN
BY THE SAVAGE IMPULSE OF THE WOLF-- THAT KNOWS
ONLY THE LAW OF CLAW AND FANG!



BUT, HE ALSO KNOWS THE EMOTIONS
OF HIS DOG ANCESTORS-- WITH DIM
MEMORIES OF HEARTHSIDES AND
THE LAUGHTER OF LITTLE CHILDREN!

IN THE CAMP BELOW THE RIDGE...

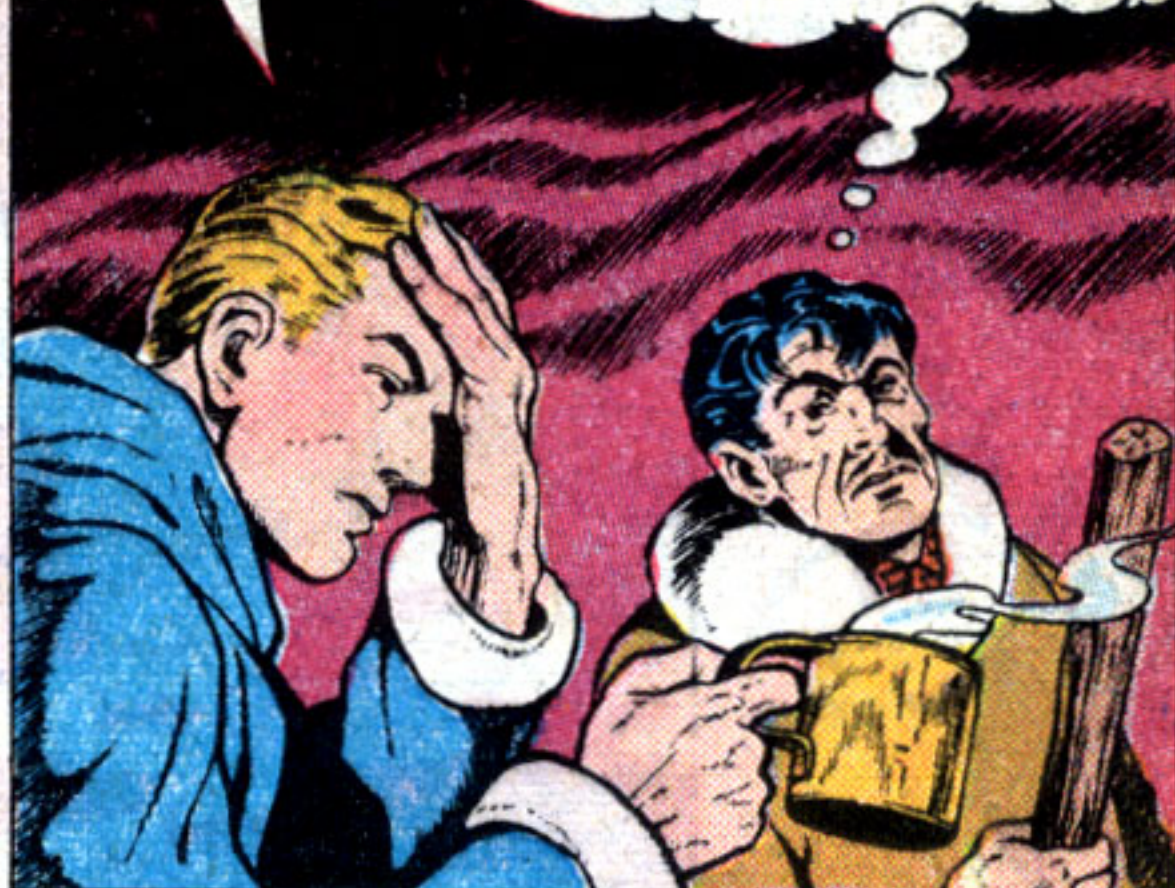
IT WAS A LUCKY DAY FOR ME WHEN I MADE THIS GOLD STRIKE, EH, HENRI?

OUI, M'SIEU! BUT THEN, YOU ARE AMERICAN ENGINEER. YOU CAME NORTH TO MAKE YOUR FORTUNE. ZUT! AN' YOU MADE EET!

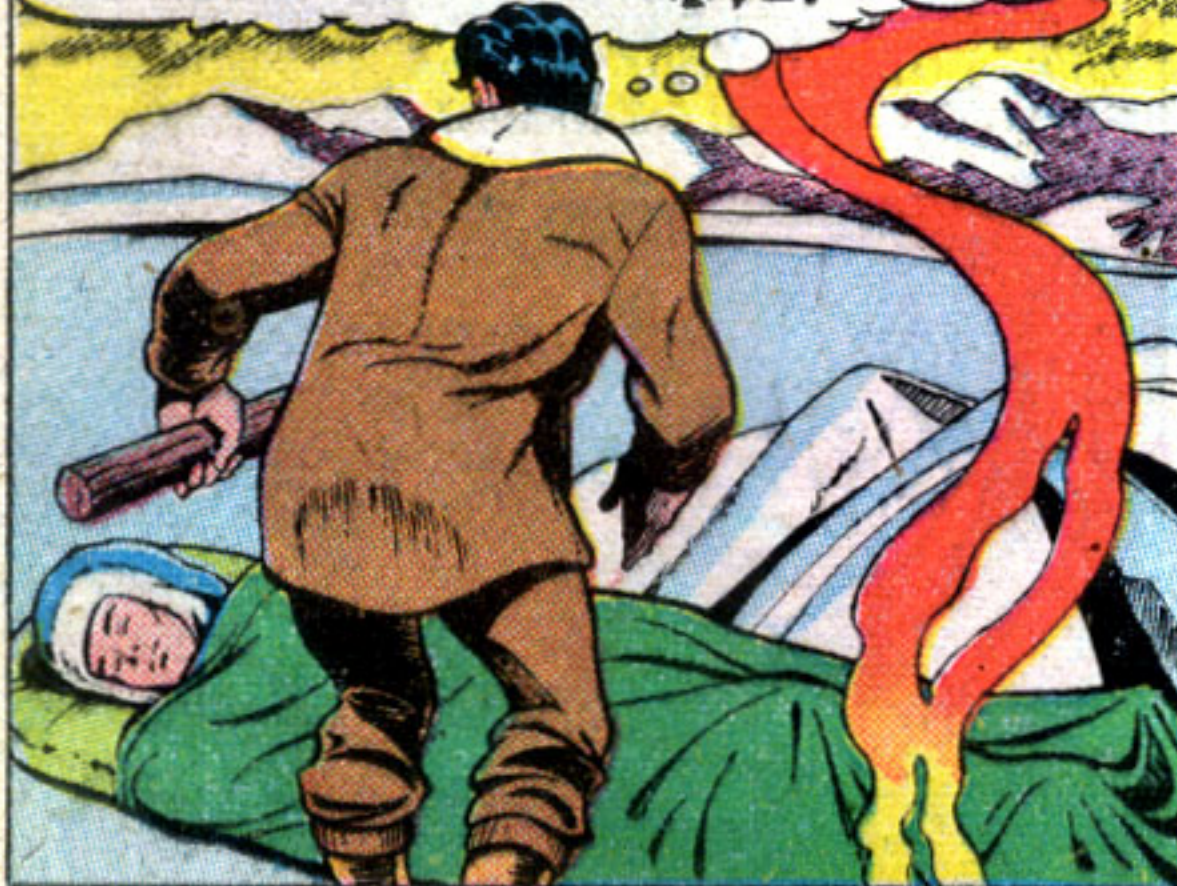


I DIDN'T THINK I WAS SO TIRED! GUESS I'LL TURN IN!

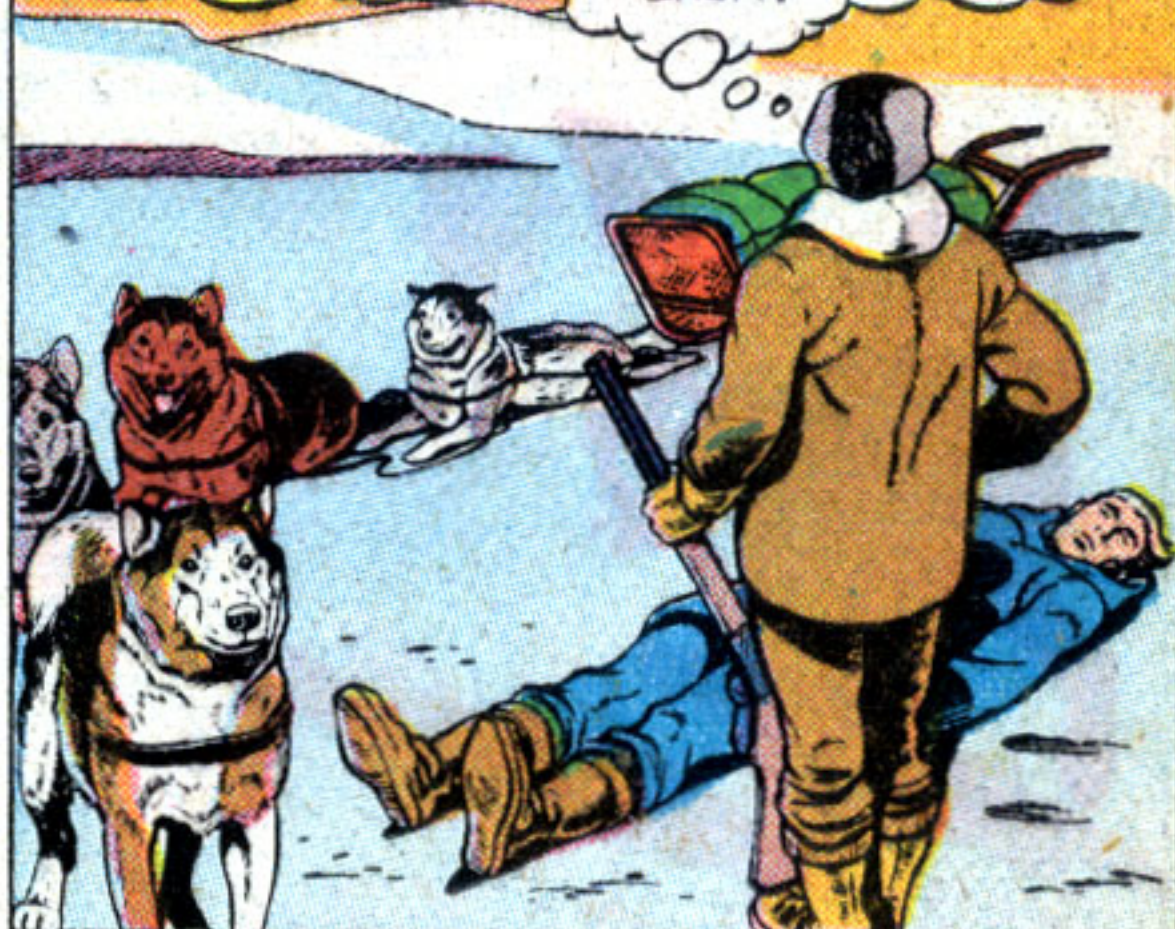
OUI--TURN EEN..FOR ZE **LAST TIME!** WHEN YOU DIE, HERE EEN THE WILDS, I WEEL FILE CLAIM TO YOUR GOLD MINE!



I WAS GOING TO SHOOT YOU, BOT THEES WAY IS **SAFER!** YOU WEEL **FREEZE TO DEATH** HERE EEN THE COLD! THAT DRUG I PUT EEN YOUR COFFEE WEEL MAKE YOU SLEEP A LONG TIME! YOU WEEL NEVAIR AWAKEN **ALIVE!**



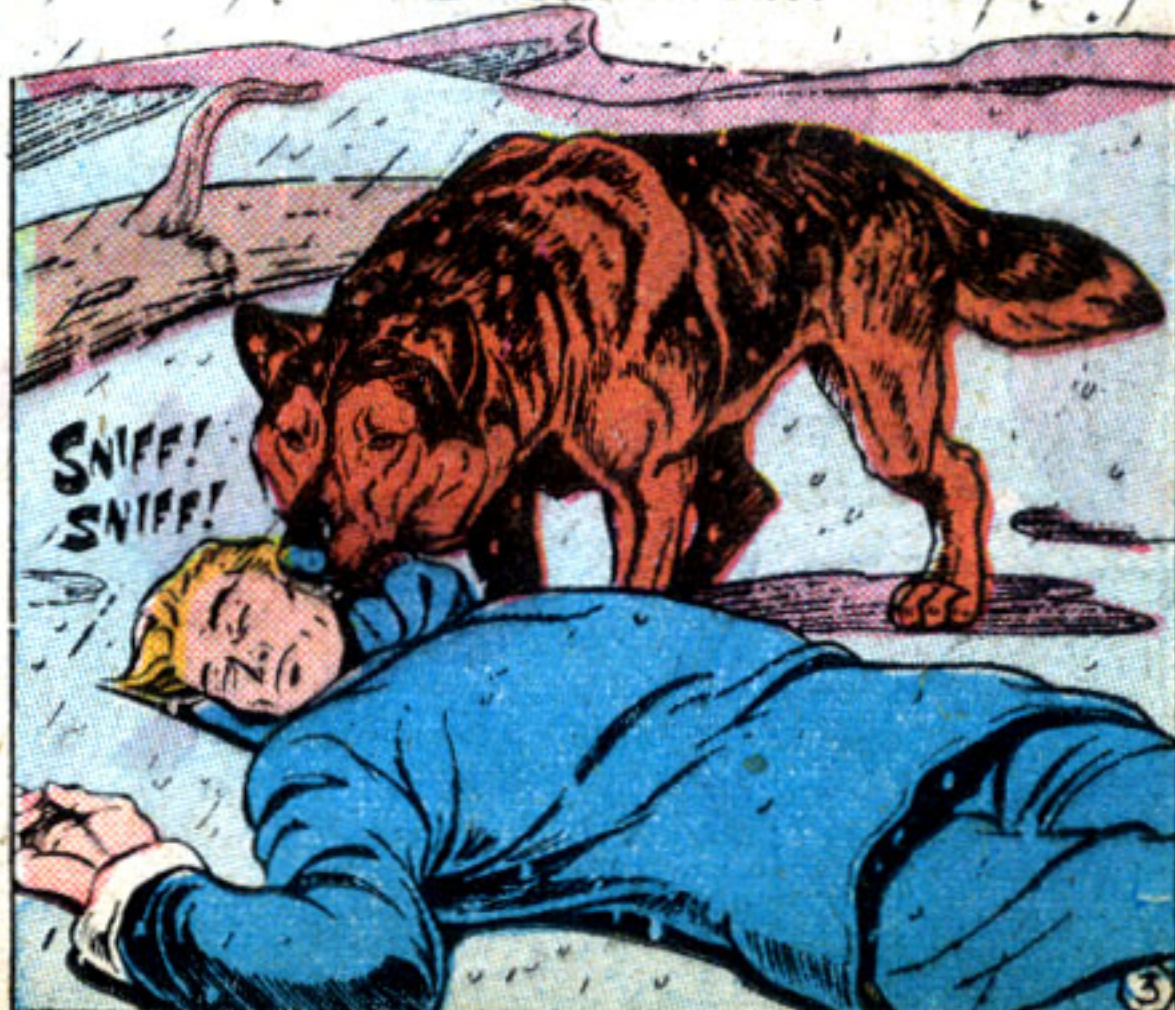
BY MORNING HE WEEL BE FROZEN SOLID! EEF THE MOUNTIES QUESTION ME I WEEL ONLY SAY HE WANDERED OFF TO HUNT..AND NEVAIR CAME BACK!



BUT BY THE TIME THEY **DO** FIND HEEM I WEEL HAVE FILED CLAIM ON HEES GOLD MINE.. AN' BE A **RICH MAN!**



MEANWHILE, FIGHTING BACK THE SAVAGE MISTRUST OF HIS WOLF ANCESTORS, SNOWFANG APPROACHES THE COLD CAMP...



DIMLY, SNOWFANG KNOWS THAT THIS UNPROTECTED MAN WILL DIE IN THE ARCTIC COLD. THIS IS THE MAN WHO PREVENTED THE RIFLEMAN FROM KILLING HIM! HE SHAKES HIM ROUGHLY...



I WAS SOUND ASLEEP..OUT OF MY SLEEPING BAG! I COULD HAVE FROZEN TO DEATH! HENRI'S **GONE!** TAKEN THE SLED.. ALL MY WEAPONS AND FOOD!



IF I DON'T REACH SHELTER, I'M A GONER! HELP ME, BOY!

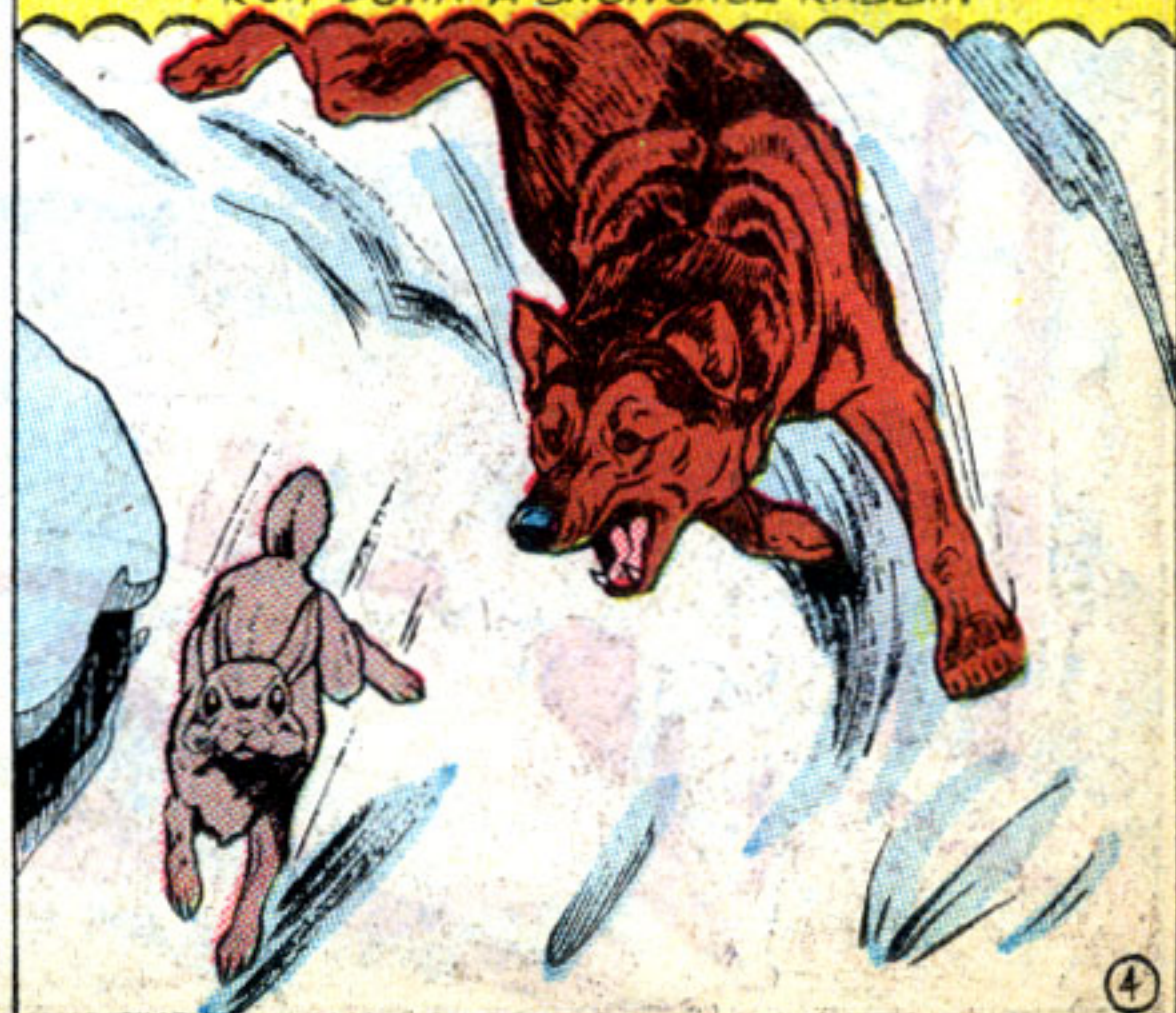
THE WILD STORM RAGES AROUND THEM AS THEY LIE UNDER A LOG AND BRUSH WINDFALL, SHELTERED FROM THE ARCTIC BLIZZARD...

WELL, BOY, WE MADE IT! IT'S A WILD STORM BUT WE'RE SAFE HERE-- THANKS TO YOU! I'M GOING TO CALL YOU SNOWFANG!



TRACK HIM, SNOWFANG! I'LL KEEP UP--SOMEHOW!

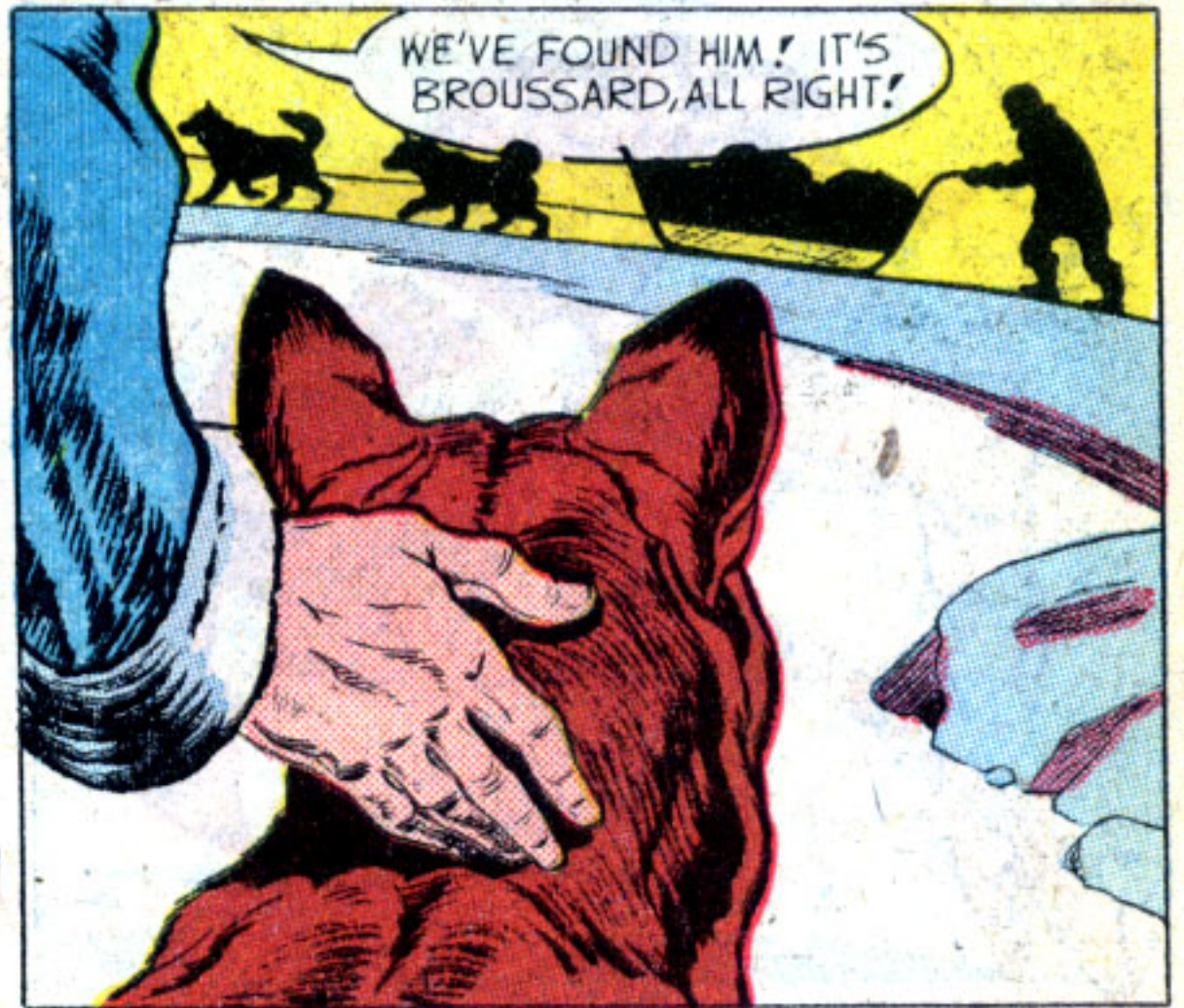
BUT WHEN BOB SANDERS FALLS WEAKLY IN THE SNOW, THE GIANT WOLFD OG LEAVES THE TRAIL TO RUN DOWN A SNOWSHOE RABBIT.



A GOOD THING HE DIDN'T TAKE MY FLINT AND STEEL AND MY HUNTING KNIFE! AT LEAST WITH YOU TO HUNT FOR ME, I CAN EAT AND GET BACK MY STRENGTH!



FOR DAYS, SNOWFANG AND BOB SANDERS KEEP TO THE TRAIL OF THE FLEEING GUIDE! THEN, ONE MORNING...



WE'VE FOUND HIM! IT'S BROUSSARD, ALL RIGHT!

THE WOLFDOG AND SANDERS! HE DEED NOT FREEZE TO DEATH! WELL, EET MAKES NO DIFFERENCE! **HE HAS NO GUN!**

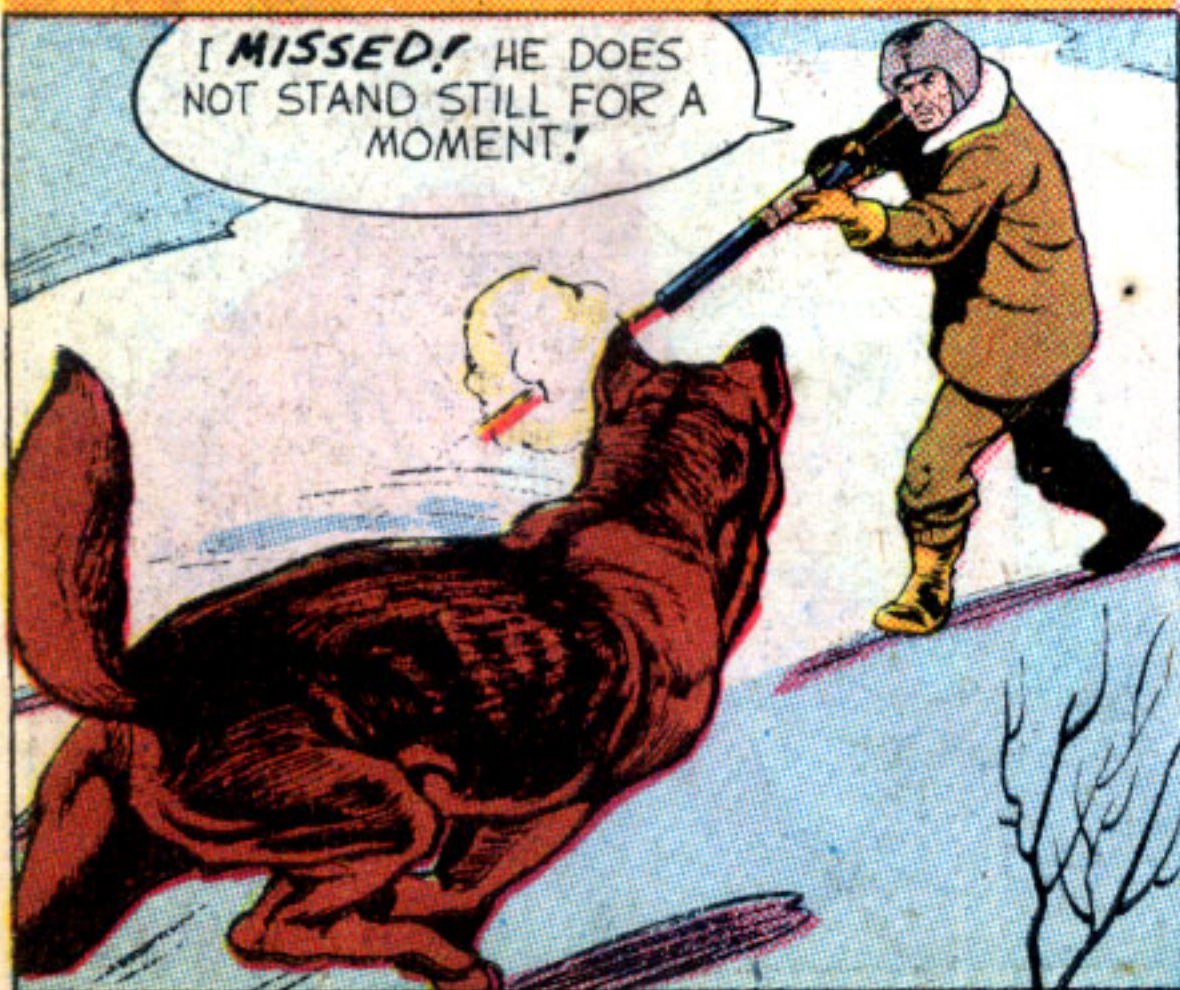


I'LL KEEL THE DOG FIRST! SANDERS EES NOT DANGEROUS.. BUT THAT DOG EES A BAD ONE!



BUT SNOWFANG HAS SEEN AND FELT A 'NOISE STICK' NOW! HE KNOWS IT SHOOTS **DEATH**.. SO HE ZIGZAGS A COURSE AT THE TREACHEROUS GUIDE...

I MISSED! HE DOES NOT STAND STILL FOR A MOMENT!





WITH HENRI BROUSSARD'S WRISTS TIED WITH RAWHIDE, THE LONG TRIP TO THE COAST IS BEGUN TO HAVE THE TREACHEROUS GUIDE TURNED OVER TO THE LAW! ONE NIGHT, LESS THAN A DAY'S TRAVEL FROM CIVILIZATION...

BUT SNOWFANG HAS HEARD THE HUNTING CALL OF HIS ANCESTORS! OUT THERE LIES THE ARCTIC WILDS, WHERE SNOWFANG IS KING!



THE END

Sky Pilot

in "The Crisis"

YOU'RE NEXT, SKYPILOT!
I ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE
YELLOW AND I AIM TO PROVE
IT! YOU'RE NOT EVEN
MAN ENOUGH TO GO
DOWN FIGHTIN'!

THAT REMAINS TO
BE SEEN, BENDER!

THE HARSH WINTER OF THE GREAT
NORTHWEST IS A BACKGROUND AGAINST
WHICH THE LIVES OF TWO YOUNG PEOPLE
SWING IN THE BALANCE! ONLY JOHN HAWKS,
THE SKYPILOT, HEEDS THEIR CRY OF DISTRESS
AS HE GIVES A RINGING ANSWER TO THE
CHALLENGE OF... "THE CRISIS"!!

NEW ARRIVALS IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST, A YOUNG
COUPLE BRING A MEAGER CATCH TO THE "SILVER LODGE",
A COMBINED TRADING POST AND GENERAL STORE
FOR THE TINY COMMUNITY...

I'M SORRY, SON, BUT I CAN'T
OFFER MORE'N \$35.00 FOR THE
LOT. ACTUALLY, THEY SHOULDN'T
FETCH EVEN THAT
MUCH!

ONLY
THIRTY-FIVE!
THAT WON'T
EVEN BUY
STAPLES!

IT'S NO GO, MYRA.
SIX WEEKS OF BACK
BREAKING WORK AND NOT
EVEN ENOUGH MONEY
TO BUY FOOD!

WE'LL MANAGE, DAVE.
THINGS ARE BOUND TO
GET BETTER SOON!
I JUST KNOW THEY
WILL!

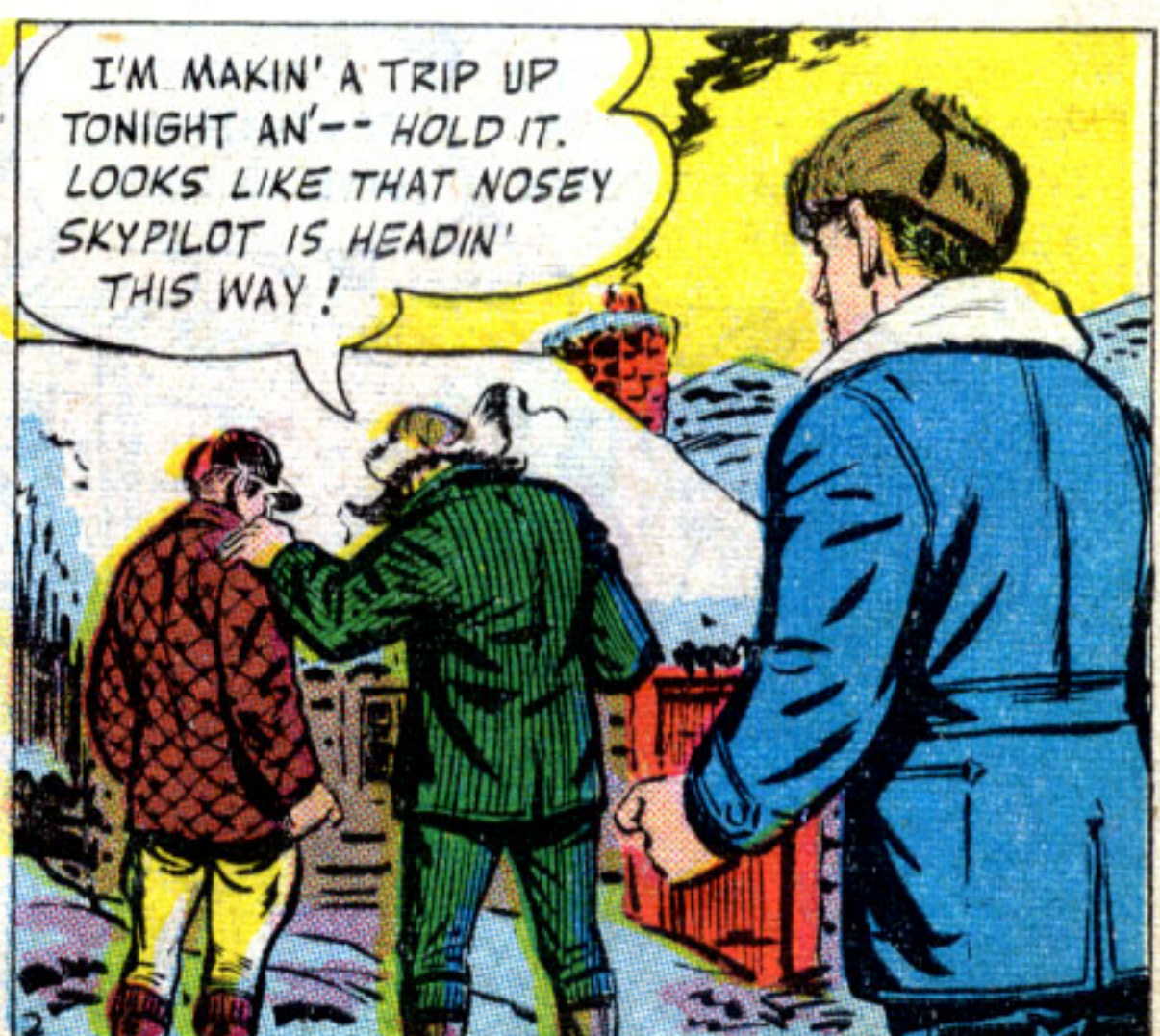
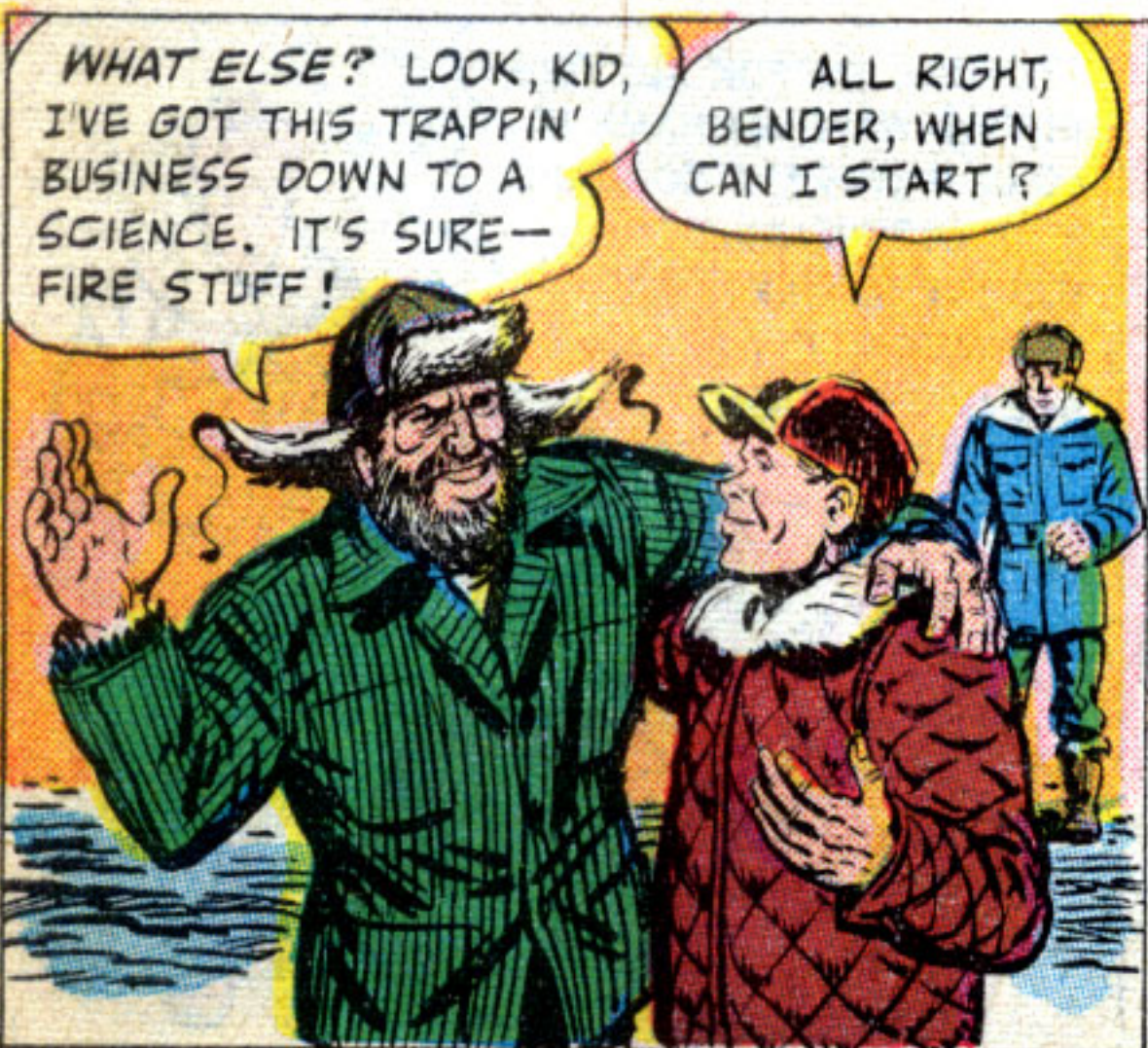
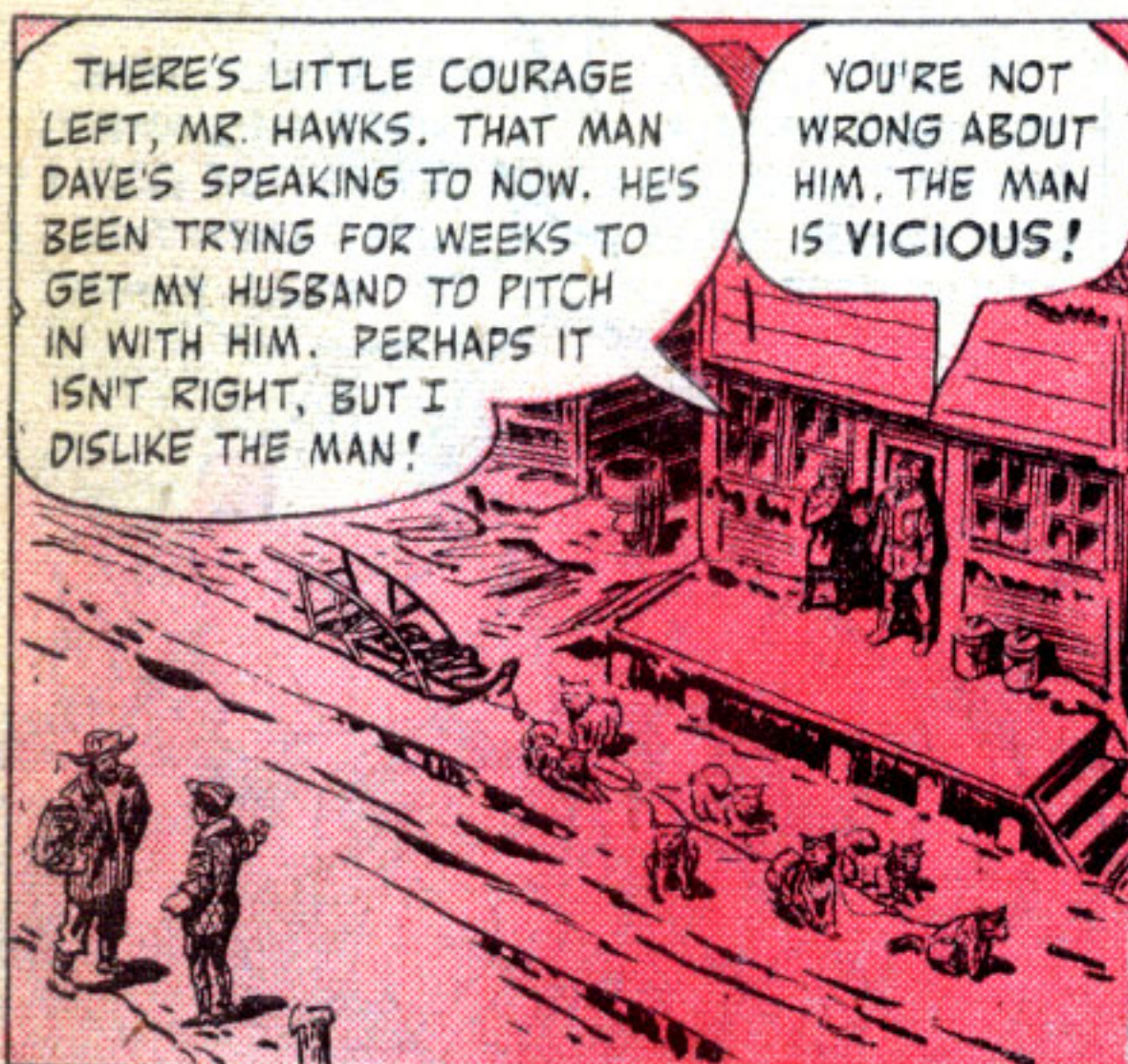
THAT'S A LAUGH! ONLY A
MIRACLE COULD KEEP US
FROM STARVING TO DEATH
BEFORE SPRING GETS
HERE.

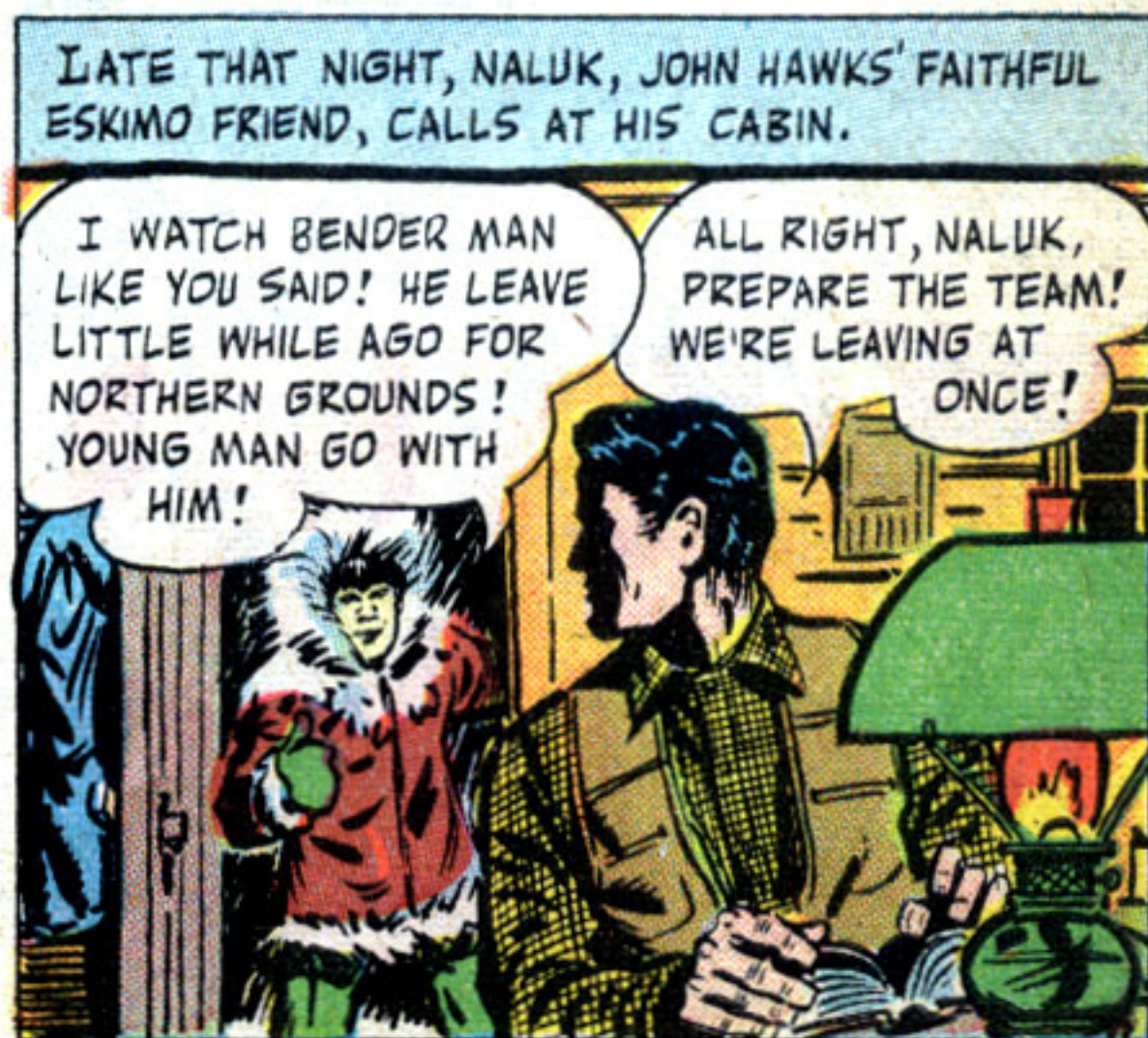
I'M NOT
COMPLAINING,
DAVE. I ONLY---

FORGIVE ME FOR BUTTING
IN THIS WAY! MY NAME IS
JOHN HAWKS! I COULDN'T
HELP OVERHEARING! DID
YOU EVER THINK THAT
THIS MIRACLE YOU
SPEAK OF, MIGHT
HAPPEN?



IN THAT CASE, I'VE BEEN OVERLOOKED!





STINGING PARTICLES OF ICE AND SNOW WHIP ABOUT THEIR FACES AS THEY MUSH FORWARD...

WERE THERE ANY OTHERS BESIDE THOSE TWO, NALUK?

TWO, THREE MAYBE. THEY TAKE ONLY RIFLE AND BULLETS! STRANGE WAY TO TRAP FOX AND BEAVER, I THINK!



MEANWHILE, AT THE NORTHERNMOST HUNTING GROUNDS...

BEFORE YA TAKE OFF FOR YER POSTS, I WANT YA TO COME ALONG WITH ME AND THIS YOUNG FELLA. WE GOTTA SHOW 'IM HOW WE OPERATE.

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, BENDER!

?



A SHORT WHILE LATER, AS AN ESKIMO DRIVES HIS PELT-LADEN SLED ALONG THE TRAIL...

HERE COMES ONE NOW!

YEAH, LOOKS LIKE HE'S CARRYING A MIGHTY HEAVY LOAD, TOO!



SEE WHAT I MEAN, KID? WE GOT OURSELVES A SYSTEM! WE LET THE ESKIMO DO THE TRAPPING, AN' THEN WE TRAP HIM! PRETTY NEAT, EH?

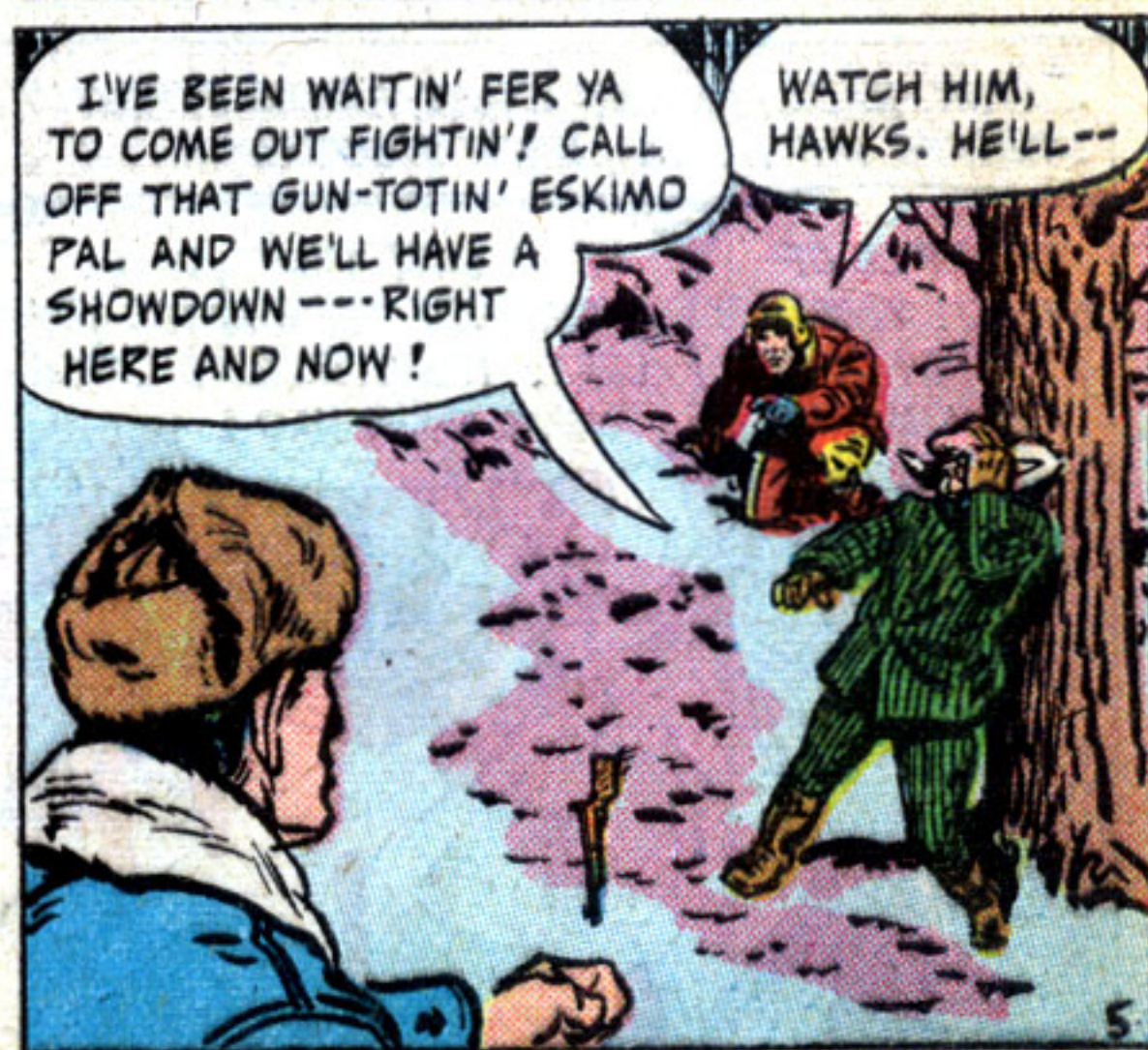
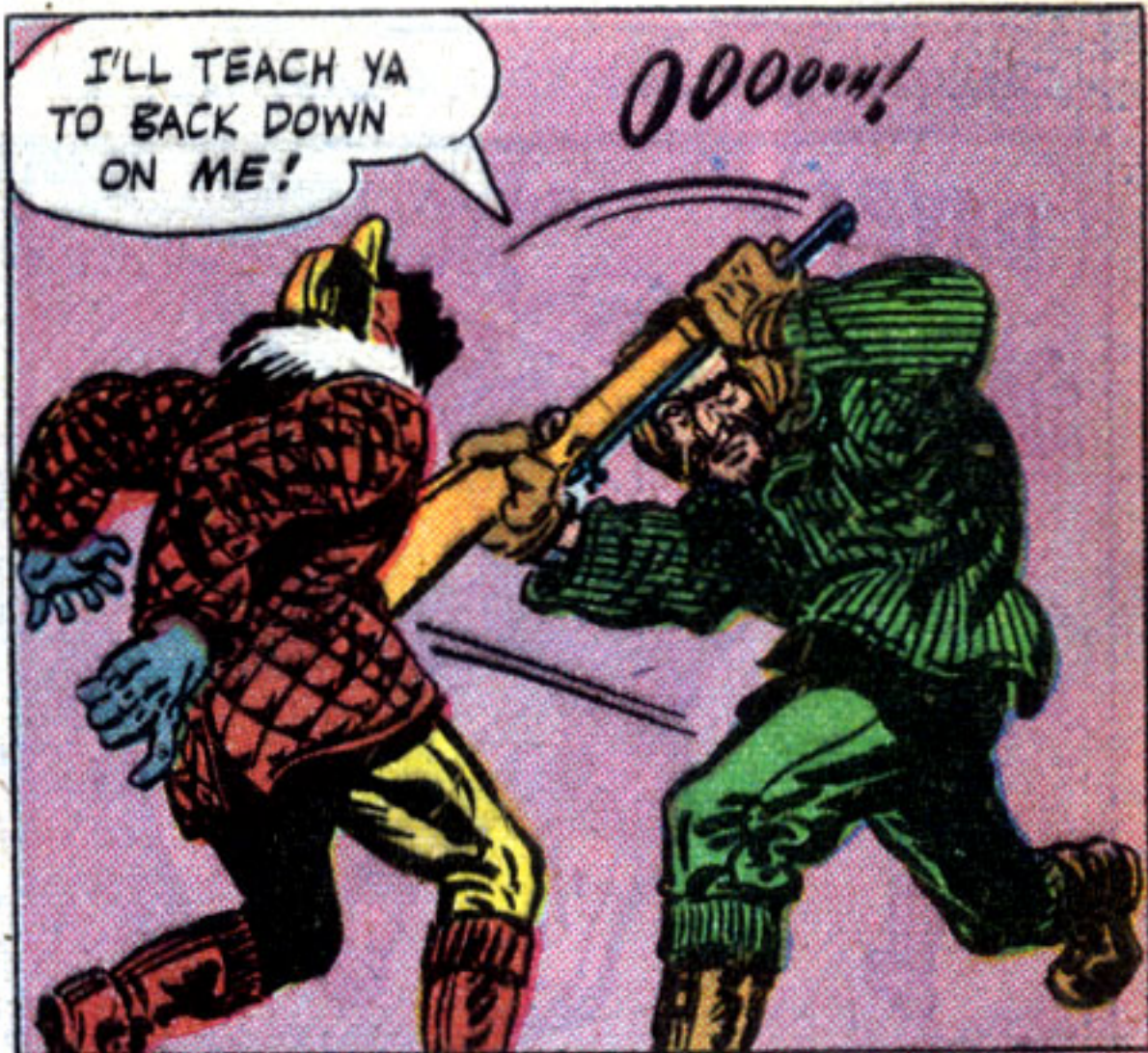
YOU K-KILLED HIM!



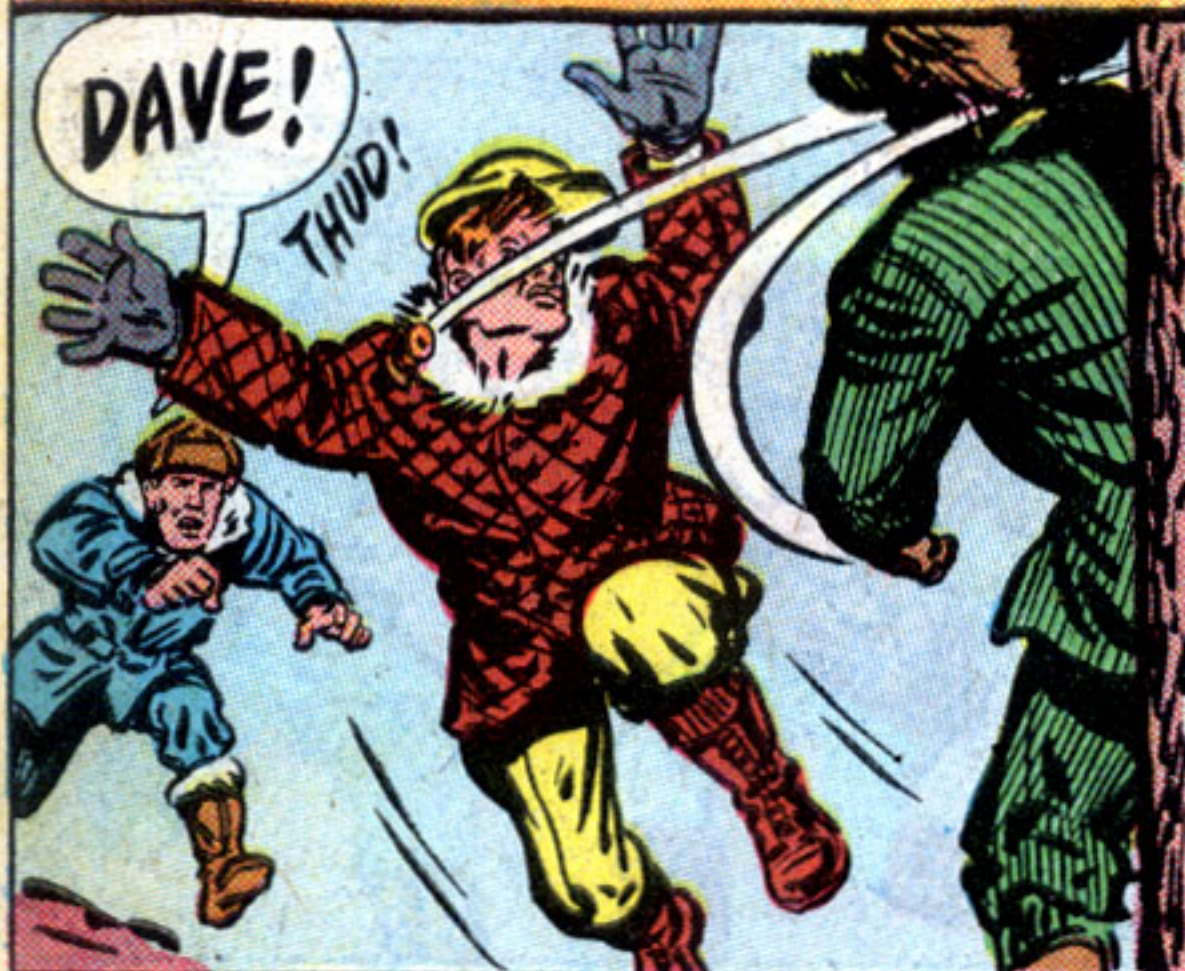
SO WHAT! IT'S ONLY AN ESKIMO! NOW GO AHEAD WITH THE BOYS AND GET IN SOME HUNTING! ALL I ASK IS A FIFTY-FIFTY CUT IN ALL THE SKINS YA GRAB!

THERE'LL BE NO CUT, BENDER...





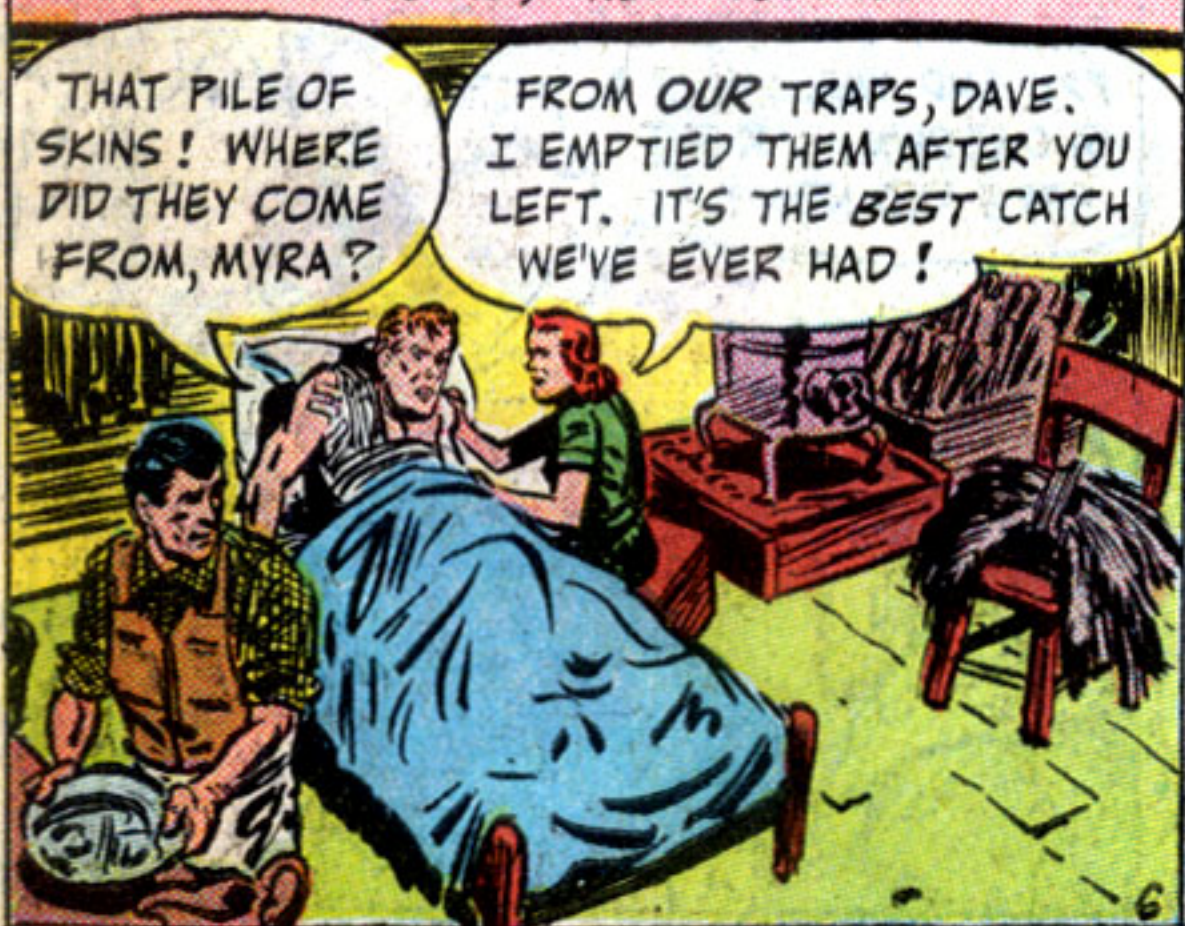
UNHESITATINGLY, DAVE RUSHES FORWARD, BUT...



DRIVEN TO RIGHTEOUS ANGER, HAWKS MOVES IN...



LATER, BACK IN DAVE'S CABIN, HAWKS EXPERTLY DRESSES HIS WOUND, WHEN SUDDENLY...

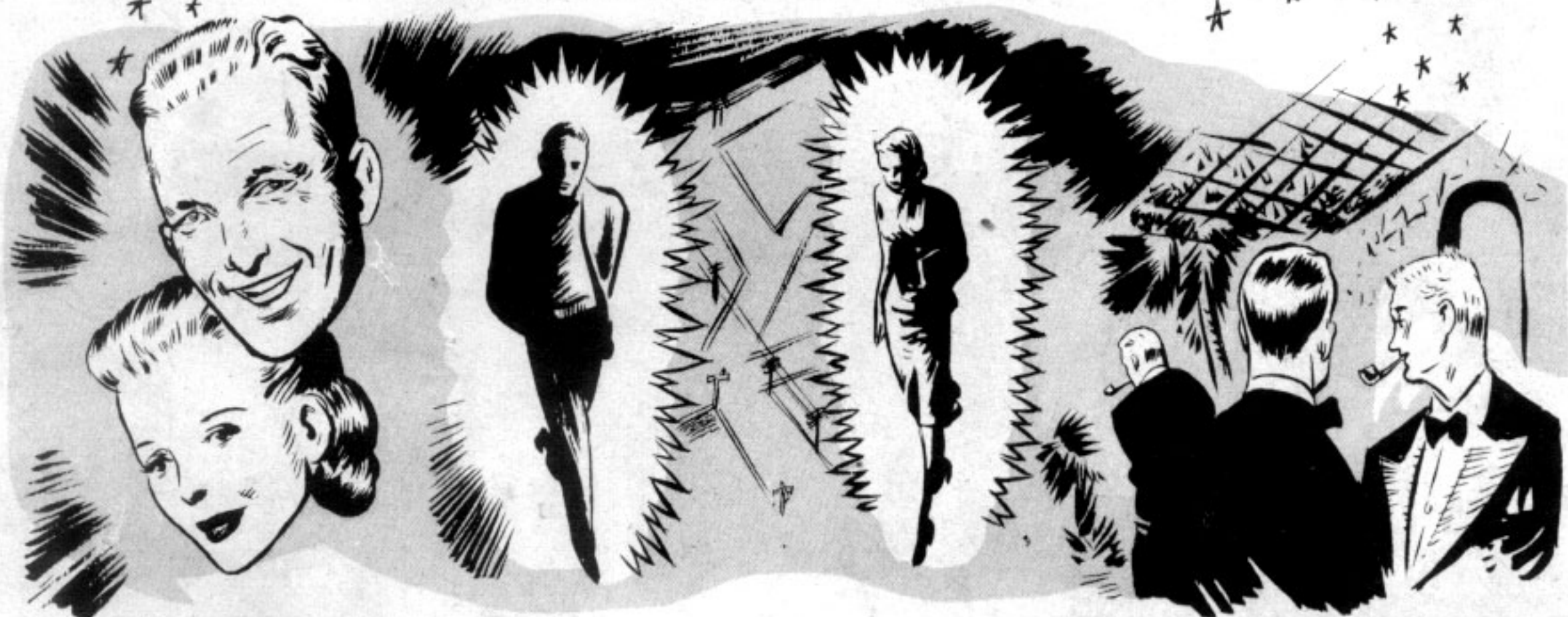


THE END

LAUGH, BETTY, LAUGH!



What was the tragedy that made a mockery of Betty Hutton's gay exterior? Why did she weep bitter, lonely tears with the applause of her admirers still ringing in her ears? What eternal truth did Betty learn — almost too late? Read "LAUGH, BETTY, LAUGH!" Share the intimate secrets of the real "Blonde Bombshell."



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